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Volume CCXLI No. 3123

The SPHERE, London, April 9, 1960

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE BOAT RACE—WITH MR. ANTONY ARMSTRONG-JONES IN THE CAMBRIDGE LAUNCH: Last Saturday was the first time for thirty-nine years that a member of the Royal Family had followed the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. Wearing a head-scarf of Cambridge blue; Princess Margaret sat in the bows of the Cambridge launch with her fiancé. She saw Oxford take the lead from the start and, though hard pressed, stay ahead to win by 1¼ lengths in 18 mins. 59 secs.

The 106th Boat Race was memorable for a number of reasons. The last occasion it had enjoyed Royal patronage was in 1921, and last Saturday all rowing men welcomed Princess Margaret to the tideway, fully appreciating that her patronage was understandably partisan. Possibly the presence with her of Mr. Armstrong-Jones, who coxed Cambridge to victory in 1950, inspired the rival coxes to indulge in some unusual steering. It was an excellent race throughout and the experts paid close attention to the performance of the spade oars introduced for the first time on the tideway by Oxford. Conditions were good, with a following wind at Putney. The Dark Blues, on the Middlesex station, made the better start and were up three-quarters of a length by Craven Steps. Their time to the Mile Post was a record. Coxing eccentricities began when Cambridge, with the advantage of the bend at Hammersmith, went over behind Oxford on the other side. When at Chiswick the Oxford cox took the Cambridge water, the Light Blues made a great effort to catch and bump them. Oxford held them off and won by 1¼ lengths. (Further pictures are on page 42.)

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THE NAVY LEAVES SHEERNESS: The flag is lowered for the last time at Sheerness Dockyard, watched by dockyard workers and their families. In a simple ceremony last week, the Royal Navy broke a link of nearly 300 years, when they left the dockyard and a civilian firm took over with plans to make it into a trading estate. The yard built a variety of ships, from brigantines used to suppress the slave trade to 1,500-ton cruisers.

A London Newslette

13-15, John Adam Street, W.C.

Dr. Backwards—For better or for worse, certainly not always to their long-term advantage, the big majorities have their way. Often it takes time, when the masses are uneducated and unorganised. The well-trained battalion, with modern weapons, can long resist a horde, but in the end sheer numbers tell and the battalion is surrounded. Dr. Verwoerd has surrendered to sheer numbers, to world opinion and to the economics of mass-strikes. Naturally, the surrender is veiled with face-saving lace. The police justified the surrender as a means of preventing intimidation of loyal pass-carriers by extremists. Dr. Verwoerd produced a *Charta minor* for Bantus and described the "black masses" as orderly and peace-loving. It seems to me impossible that the "temporary" suspension of passes could ever end, and pass-carrying orders be resumed. If it did, the balloon would go up with a vengeance. That would be as dangerous as if King John had torn up Magna Charta in the barons' presence before the signatures were dry. Few can doubt that the "black masses" already appreciate the significance of a great victory and by what means it was won. World opinion is by no means comfortable or agreed on African policies. *Too little and too late* has been the cause of many revolts. *Too much and too soon* may prove far more dangerous for Africa overall and for whites and blacks alike. The South African Government employed the first; many think that our Government has adopted the second cause of future trouble. Colour-bars are odious in theory and practice. Very many of the leaders of African nationalism movements possess many qualifications for statesmanship. Most of them, I suppose, fall short in experience, acquired and inherited, of the art of democratic government and are inclined to be deficient in patience, the whole-sister of that art. What handicaps most of them even more is that they are compelled, with a vast following little educated and quickly inflamed by jealousies and pledges, to double the parts of statesman and demagogue which go ill together. With the most experienced and able of any colour, it is difficult to see how such leaders can hope to work in harmony and see eye to eye with other leaders who are still so little advanced from primitive superstitions.

Only a Little One—Small by degrees and beautifully less grew the last pleas to the Chancellor before Budget day. Two months ago the optimists struck a shilling off income tax, raised surtax liability to £3,000 minimum, abolished Schedule A, and left the Chancellor with some unused pocket money. A week before Budget Day *The Times* voiced the faint hopes of the sane by pleading for just one tiny gesture of faith in the buoyant economy. Could he not risk reducing income tax by 3d. to the "round" or easily calculated figure of 7s. 6d.? True, a few Tory M.P.s still urged the abolition of Schedule A, but less hopefully. A few weeks ago Mr. Amory was told to slash or go. Just before Budget day, it was generally assumed that he would neither slash nor go. I don't wonder. Hard facts usually kill optimism. The Service, Health and Education Ministries have knocked the stuffing out of him. The Government leads the way in spending without our authority. Mr. Amory faces an Estimate increase of £340,000,000, a rise of 8 per cent., with more to come in 1961. Nor is there much to encourage him in higher employment figures (largely seasonal) or balance of payments. From the Government downwards, all who matter are asking for more and getting it. The pawns in the game must pay and look pleasant, as usual.

De Gaulle Entertains—Entertaining in my nice small house is inevitably on a small scale, and as a rule, none of my neighbours is likely to wish ill to such company as I entertain; they are neither troublemakers nor likely to inspire trouble except for extra work for the dish-washing machine and the clothes-washer. I do not need to hire the local policeman to patrol my house nor pay a trained food- and drink-taster to act as guinea-pig and the fare, if sometimes rather poisonous, is never lethal. I buy no barbed-wire and set no mantraps. It was otherwise with de Gaulle when he entertained Mr. Khrushchev. He had to call out the Army, set the whole police force moving across France, build a human hedge round his guest, employ the national hutch of guinea-pigs to guard against an error in the kitchen or wine-cellar, and purge France temporarily of potential troublemakers. Some said that Mr. Khrushchev himself is an experienced trouble-maker, high up in the list of seeded players, and that the General believed that one troublemaker is enough at any one time. Double, double, toil and trouble. I suppose that in these days all entertaining, high or humble, involves double toil and trouble, and one can never be sure that the entertainment paid a dividend to host or guest. ... generally means a reciprocal invitation which ... means more trouble.

Cheap at a Quarter-Million—Aga... certainly led the way in capital investment at Sothe... on March 23. They paid £130,000 for Gainsboro... Andrews group, £40,000 for a Rembrandt, £6,00... another Gainsborough, £4,800 for a Batoni, £8,800 fo... animal group by Oudrey, and £7,600 for a Snyder... dare say there were smaller items which I missed. ... auction went so quickly that it was like falling off a ... and I gathered that Agnew's would have gone higher ... for the plum. Still, £200,000 at one fell swoop sug... that there are plenty of rich collectors about and ... buying and selling works of art is an extremely luc... business and may remain so for some time to come. ... a decade owners of, and dealers in, works of art of ... merit have never had it so good, and certainly it is ... only the auctioneers and dealers who skim the cr... Time and again we read of lucky and surprised ow... who take down dusty pictures from their walls to fi... their surprise and delight that for generations they ... been entertaining angels unawares, and what their ... grandfathers commissioned for £100 has added ... noughts to its value in 100 years. I can't complain ... a very small way (discounting the last three noug... have no reason to complain of my ancestors' shrew... and there is nothing materially so pleasant as disp... of pictures which give you no pleasure, and which ... your family £4, for £600. Indeed, I regard Agnew's ... family benefactor, and without envy bless the millio... whose money burns holes in their pockets.

Lady Hoare's Long Battle—Rex ... was a man of gentle manner and calm mind who ... host of friends and admirers and, I am sure, not an e... on earth or a critic in Heaven. He died in a clinic a... the opinion of his widow received there less than the ... and treatment she deemed proper. A balance of ... remained unpaid of the clinic's charges and this ba... his widow refused to pay as long ago as May 1955. ... then, thrice appearing in person and speaking for ... hours in court, she has courageously and tirelessly ...

THE "ORANGES AND LEMONS" SERVICE AT ST. CLEMENT DANES: *Left*—At the famous church in the Strand, London, twins present bouquets to the Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster, Group-Captain G. H. Pirie and Mrs. Pirie. *Right*—Children are given their oranges and lemons at the end of the service. About 300 children from the St. Clement Danes Primary School and the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund School, Vanbrugh Castle, Blackheath, attended the traditional service last week. St. Clement Danes is the church of the R.A.F.

her opinion, being non-suited in the court of first hearing, triumphantly winning her appeal in the Court of Appeal and being finally defeated in the House of Lords, where the clinic's appeal was upheld. As a result the Law requires that she should pay the costs of both appeals and they are cripplingly heavy, far more than she can afford to pay, perhaps £15,000. The higher you carry a suit in the courts, the more and more expensive become the array of wigs. Such is the interest earned and capital appreciation on the sum of £70-odd outstanding in 1955. Compromise and paying (with as pleasant a face as may be) are the order of the day and the fate of most of us, high and humble. Compromise is the last resort to adopt where loyalty and love are vitally concerned, and Lady Hoare's long fight has been watched with some admiration and respect. And yet I wonder if the man she loved, married, championed and lost would have approved the fight and the publicity, or would have counselled resignation and, with a philosophic shrug and with his charming smile, dismissed such a cause as not worth a long and bitter fight.

"Sir Galahad"—I am sorry that Watts' "Sir Galahad" is not at present to be re-hung in Eton Chapel. In my youth the picture was an inspiration, even in reproductions. It is now hung in the Watts gallery on the Hog's Back. How easily truth is distorted and history falsified. My father for many years owned the Briary, Freshwater, and sometimes I played cricket in the big studio which Watts built. The house was burned down and rebuilt after we left. It was the local belief, shared by the Tennysons at Farringford, that Ellen Terry posed for "Sir Galahad," and that it was from the Briary that she flitted, one year after her disastrous marriage to Watts, who was old enough to be the lovely child's father. What do the vital dates reveal? "Sir Galahad" was painted in 1859-60. A young Prinsep sat for the portrait. Watts married Ellen Terry (aged sixteen) in February 1864. They parted in June 1865. The Briary was begun to be built in 1872. Legends grow and are left untested for generations.

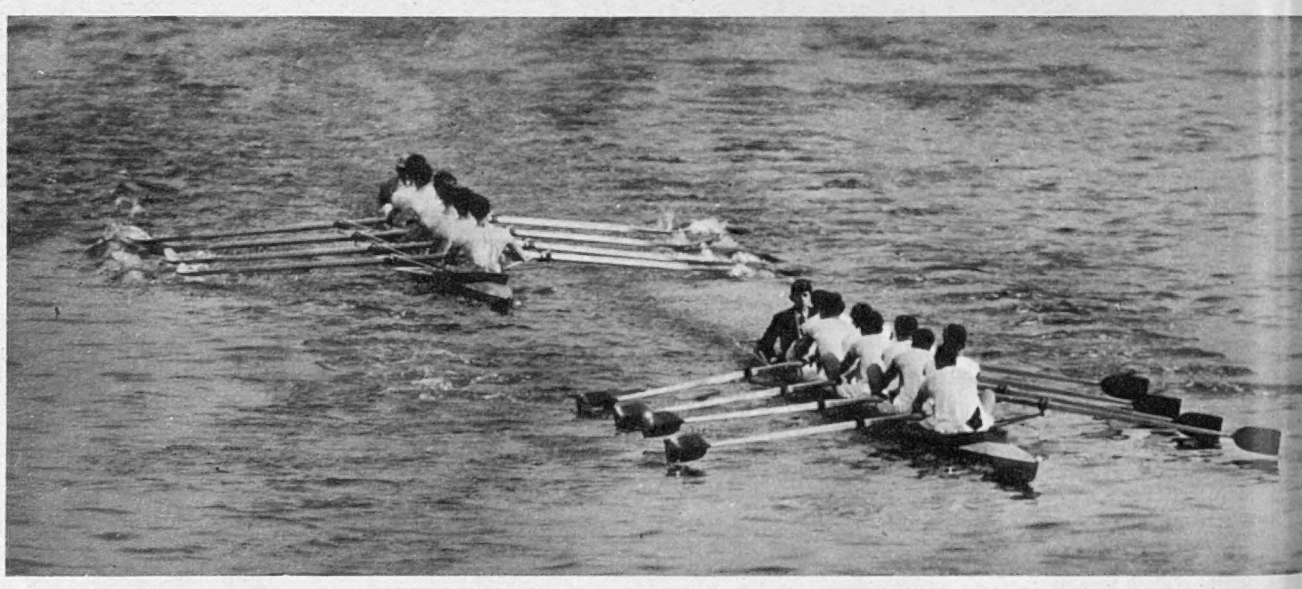
What Mr. Butler Saw—Three horses had already been destroyed at Aintree before the "National" was run and the anti-cruelty bodies were particularly watchful and alert, since they knew that the Home Secretary, who is opposed to cruelty in any form in any place to man or boy or animal, virtuous or criminal, was watching the race. Would the big race horrify him or merely thrill him? He saw an easy win for the favourite which fleeced the fat-men as they are seldom fleeced in a Grand National, and, before he knew that a fourth horse had had to be destroyed during the meeting, he pronounced that the race was a fair and reasonable test for great jumpers. What a puzzle are all the killing and the cruelty which make the news from all over the world to-day. We have had very recent examples of how bitter and strong can be the reactions of innumerable people over acts of mass-shooting of men and large-scale cruelty to horses. Cruelty to man and beast goes on every hour of every day all over the world. It needs a large-scale example to arouse large-scale protests. An isolated instance which we see for ourselves is usually far more shocking. We are not concerned with explanations and justifications. It is the suffering which counts with us, whether seen in an individual case or read about in mass. We call ourselves humane and civilised people and accept no pleas of justification on political, sporting or economic grounds. And indeed there are no excuses for cruelty and barbarity and still it flourishes as a normal and inevitable feature of human life; and among those who protest loudest may be men and women who hunt and shoot, enjoy roast lamb, abandon their pets to go on holiday, drive recklessly, bet on stiff-course steeplechases, send their mates to Coventry and whisper scandal about their next-door neighbours. Soames Forsyte realised at the end of his life that he had missed "all the beauty and the loving in the world." He was not alone. To judge by the daily headline news these pretty flowers are hidden among the tares of ugliness, selfishness, greed and unrestrained passion and impatience. Kindness and beauty, of course, still blush unrecorded, but cruelty is advertised and can influence the minds of children.

Shooting Accidents—I suppose that in an era when mass-murder is so common, an unnecessary individual death is soon forgotten. Yet such incidents occur almost weekly, and tot up to something worth serious consideration. Accidents out shooting are in that category. A youth or a mere boy buys or borrows a gun and goes out shooting with boys as ignorant of gun lore and as untrained as he. Probably he does not even buy a gun licence; certainly, if after game, he does not buy a game licence. If he borrows the gun, he probably takes it down from a hook in the kitchen, still loaded and perhaps cocked. If he buys, apparently he needs to fill in no form, pass no test, guarantee no qualification of fitness. Perhaps the supplier himself regards a .410 as a toy. It is, of course, a lethal weapon at 30 yards and more. Sometimes the weapon borrowed is a rifle of small calibre capable of killing a person beyond range of vision in a flat country. The coroner deplores the young life cut short, the jury return a "death by misadventure" verdict and, since there is no public outcry, the Home Office takes no steps. Some ban on flick-knives was enforced by public clamour. There are certain rules governing the driving of cars on public highways. Safety precautions in the use of guns, once rigorously taught to young beginners, mean nothing to the rising generation and not much to their fathers. The time has come (and gone) for the authorities to warn publicly (as in the case of oil-stoves) and to tighten up regulations in regard to the purchase and use of guns for sport.

The Man and the Hour—I never cease to marvel and to thank Heaven that so often in our history the dangers and difficulties of the times have found a sovereign and a premier to fit and to meet them. More often perhaps with sovereigns in recent reigns than with premiers. The hour, quite often but not always, produces and trains the man and the man copes with the hour. Under modern conditions wisdom and statecraft are not enough to fill the bill of premier. Good health and steady nerves and an immense elasticity capable of absorbing new conditions are of more importance even than wisdom and experience. A Pitt would be ruled out on the score of health. A Solon, if he suffered from some nervous phobia, would not do. Premiers (like the Royal yacht) must be for ever travelling. Just imagine if Mr. Macmillan were incurably claustrophobic and could not endure air-travel. A premier in these days must be ready to fly the Atlantic at shortest notice. Claustrophobia is incurable, whatever the psychoanalysts may claim. It is merciful that it is still comparatively rare; as such it is little understood and accorded small sympathy. I should judge that the essential qualities required to-day of a premier are not wisdom, statecraft, experience, but nerves of iron, sound health, mental agility and an optimistic nature. Wisdom and statecraft are immensely useful, but, without the latter qualities, are not enough. The man must be 100 per cent. fit and free from all phobias and must be capable of so nicely playing with words and phrases as to draft formulas that can be interpreted not unfavourably by friend and foe, like the Sphinx's answers. If he does not possess wisdom, he must acquire it on the job. His job is flying and formula-making. He must reach the summit by air.

THE OLD STAGER

TWO STAGES IN THE 106TH BOAT RACE: Oxford lead round the final bend above Barnes Bridge. Princess Margaret is in the bows of the Cambridge launch (the fourth from right in the front line of following craft). *On right*—At Hammersmith Bridge, Weston, the Cambridge cox, has brought his crew over from the Surrey Station to follow Oxford on the outside of the bend. The Dark Blues are using spade-shaped oars. They have wider but shorter blades than the Cambridge normal oars and are an innovation in rowing in Britain.

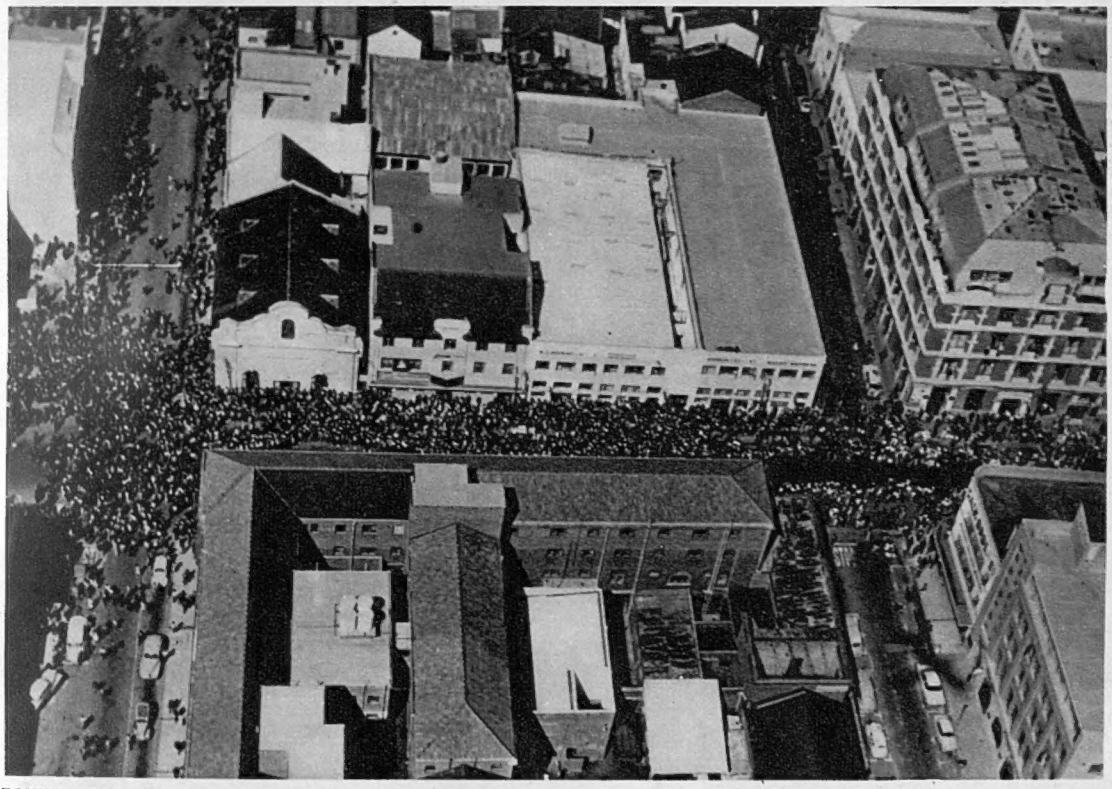


A Royal Boat Race

Princess Margaret Sees Oxford Beat Cambridge on the Tideway

OXFORD WIN BY 1¼ LENGTHS: The Dark Blues give their final ten to pass the winning-post at Mortlake, 1¼ lengths ahead of Cambridge. Oxford led all the way over the course of slightly more than four miles, but Cambridge never gave up the fight. At one time, when Oxford had taken their water, the Light Blues put on a great spurt and it seemed they might bump their rivals. Oxford's success was regarded as justification for their spade oars, although there are still doubts about their performance in rough tidal water.

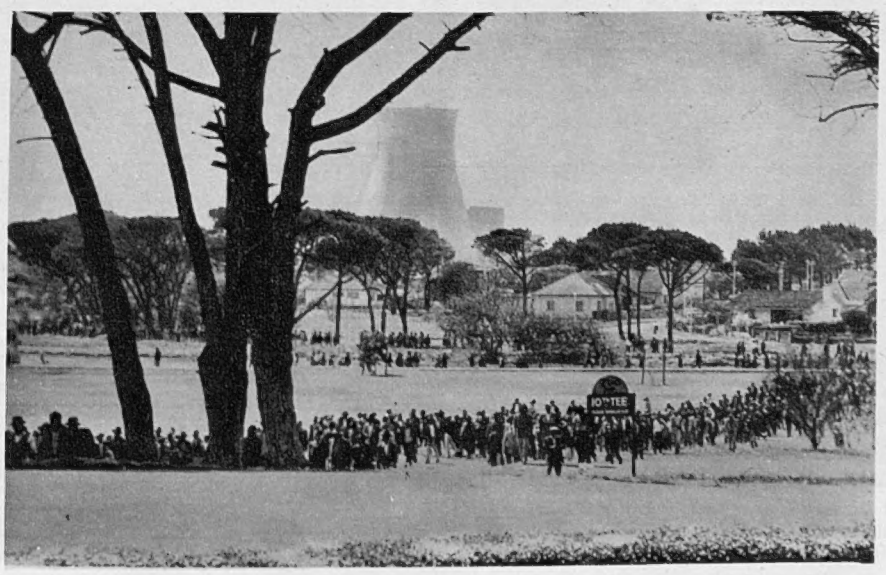
AFRICANS MARCH ON CAPE TOWN: The column of people, estimated at 30,000, blocks the road as they march towards the Caledon Square police station to petition the release of their leaders. They were led by Mr. Philip Kgosane, a twenty-one-year-old Pan-African. His group, the Pan-African Congress, was among those banned in the Bill given its first reading in the South African Parliament at the beginning of last week. Mr. Kgosane was arrested not long after the marchers had left Cape Town peacefully.



ROUND THE POLICE STATION: From the air can be seen some of the 30,000 Africans who marched on the Caledon Square police station to ask for the release of their leaders. The incident occurred in the middle of last week, when absenteeism from work in Cape Town was estimated at 90 per cent.

On right—

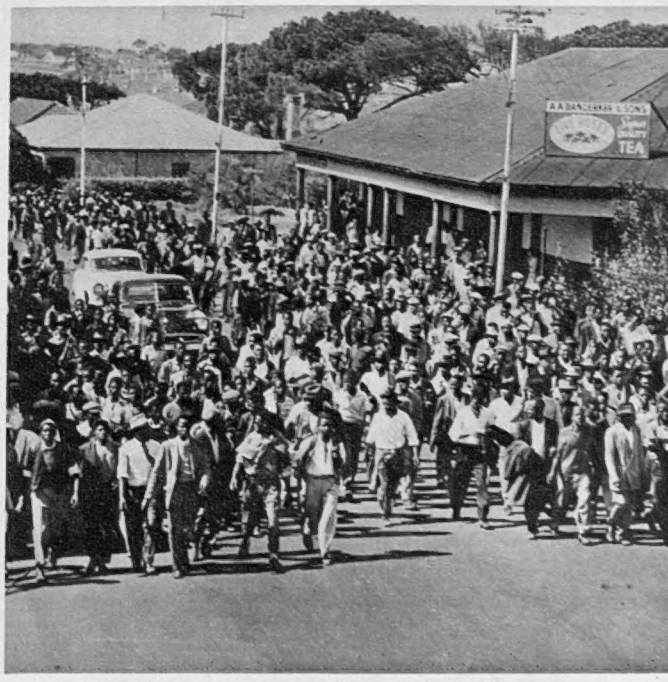
ON THE MARCH: Demonstrators take a short cut across the Rondebosch golf course on their way into Cape Town from the African townships of the peninsula. Background is the Athlone power station.



There were disturbances and violence throughout South Africa last week. The days followed a progression which appeared to be leading inevitably to the abandonment of all hopes of any harmony between the races in the Union. Monday, the day of mourning for the dead at Sharpeville and Langa, was marred by rioting. The same day came the first reading of the Unlawful Organisations Bill, making it possible to outlaw the African National Congress and the Pan-African Congress. On Wednesday a State of Emergency was declared and large-scale arrests of African leaders started. As the area of the State of Emergency was widened, so the disturbances spread. On Friday, the United Nations Security Council, by 9 votes to nil, called on South Africa to end her policy of *apartheid*. Britain and France abstained. To many observers, the most dangerous move by the South African Government was the arrest of the African National Congress leaders, many of whom had campaigned for some measure of racial co-operation.

AFRICANS ON THE MARCH

A Week of Tension in South Africa



ON THE WAY INTO THE CAPITAL: Africans march along the Klipfontein road into Cape Town. The incident was only one of many last week, some of which involved violence.

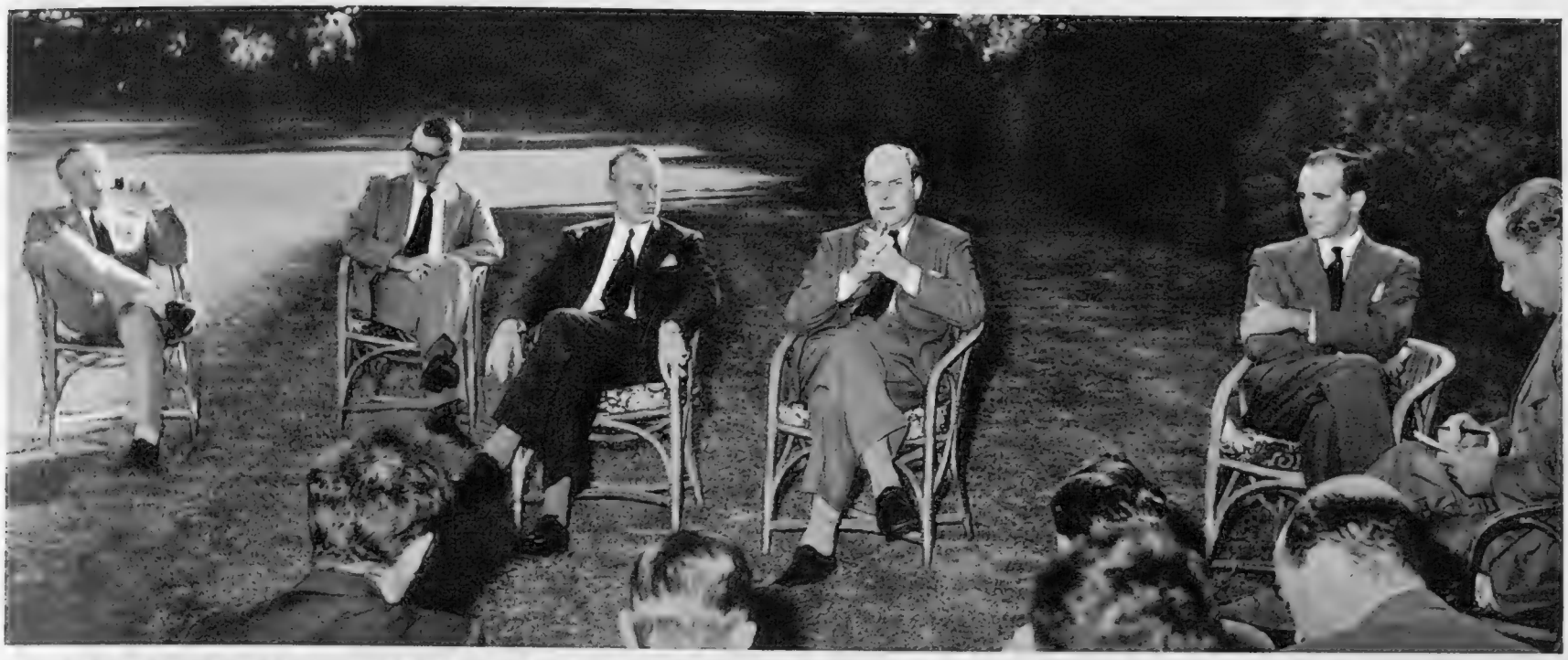
New Cardinals in Rome

They Receive Their Red Hats at a Public Consistory in St. Peter's

TRADITIONAL CEREMONIAL IN ST. PETER'S BASILICA: At a public consistory, new Cardinals move towards the Throne of Pope John to receive the red hat. They were among the third group of new members to be elevated to the Sacred College during the present Pontiff's reign. Eight new Cardinals received their insignia at the ceremony. There was applause from the vast congregation when Cardinal Rugambwa, the first African to enter the Sacred College, advanced to kneel before the Pope. The Cardinal is seen in the picture *on right* receiving his biretta on the day before the ceremony in St. Peter's. Apart from the public consistory last week the Pope and the Cardinals met in secret when His Holiness announced his intention of appointing three additional members to bring the number in the College up to eighty-eight. For the time being names of the new Cardinals are being kept secret by the Pope. Creating Cardinals *in pectore* was last used more than twenty-five years ago.

KNEELING BEFORE THE POPE: Cardinal Rugambwa, Bishop of Rutabo, Tanganyika, kneels at the Throne during the public consistory. *On right*—Almost completely covered with their robes, the eight new Cardinals prostrate themselves in an act of humility before receiving the red (Galero) hat.

The News in Pictures



THE COLONIAL SECRETARY'S IMPORTANT MISSION TO NYASALAND: Mr. Macleod (fourth from left) sits in the garden of Government House for a Press conference on his arrival in Zomba. On his right is Sir Robert Armitage, the Governor. Later it was announced that Dr. Banda, the President of the proscribed Nyasaland African Congress, had been released from detention in Southern Rhodesia and flown to Zomba to confer with Mr. Macleod and Sir Robert. After the talks Dr. Banda took part in a special broadcast appeal for peace and calm in Nyasaland.

U.N. CONDEMNS *APARTHEID*: At the Security Council in New York are, in front, M. Berard (left), the French delegate, Mr. Fourie (South Africa; centre) and Aly Khan (Pakistan). After three days of debate, during which Mr. Fourie expressed his country's views, the Security Council passed a resolution by nine votes to nil calling on South Africa to end *apartheid*. Britain and France abstained. Sir Pierson Dixon, for Britain, said his Government did not object to the debate, but thought that the United Nations could not intervene in a domestic matter.

DR. BANDA AFTER HIS RELEASE: He addresses a vast crowd outside his home in Limbe, where he was driven by car after his conference with Mr. Iain Macleod in Zomba.

On right—

PASSIONS INFLAMED IN CYPRUS: Thousands of people are packed together outside the Archbishop's Palace in Nicosia to hear Archbishop Makarios speak on Eoka Day (the anniversary of the start of Eoka's campaign against the British five years ago). The President-elect of Cyprus was reported to have made a highly inflammatory speech in which he alleged Britain was deliberately protracting the negotiations over the final details of Cypriot independence. The Archbishop declared that if deadlock continued "we shall struggle to set up on our own the Cyprus Republic."

ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS ADDRESSES HIS FOLLOWERS: His Eoka Day speech strained relations with the Turks. His statements were repudiated by the Greek Government.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A PROTEST IN THE EARLY MORNING: In pyjamas and dressing gown, Mr. Duncan Sandys, Minister for Aviation, talks on the doorstep of his home in Vincent Square, Westminster, to a demonstration of sixty people. They were protesting against the Minister's decision to allow night jet flights from London Airport. Next to Mr. Sandys from left are Mr. W. S. Woods, Chairman of Longford Residents' Association, and Mr. John Connell (not *The Sphere* Foreign Affairs commentator), founder of the Noise Abatement Society, who is carrying a noise recorder. The demonstrators had come from their homes round the airport to rouse Mr. Sandys at 7 a.m.

A VIOLENT CLASH AT A JAPANESE COLLIERY: Wearing helmets and carrying clubs, members of two rival unions engage in a fierce battle outside the main gate of the strike-bound Miike Colliery, in Kyushu, one of the biggest collieries in Japan. Over 130 miners were injured. The fight occurred when a splinter union, about 4,500 strong, attempted to break the main union's picket lines round the colliery and to resume work.

On left—

A NEW PARLIAMENT FOR INDONESIA: President Sukarno, at the Merdeka Palace, in Jakarta, announces the names of the members of the new "Mutual Assistance" Parliament. Behind him from left are the Chief of Staff of the Indonesian Navy, Commodore Martadinata; the Chief of Staff of the Air Force, Marshal Suryadarma; and the Chief of the State Police, Sukarno Djojonegoro.

FLOODS IN THE UNITED STATES: Sections of the road surface of a highway to the south of North Bend, in Nebraska, have disappeared after floodwaters subsided. In the central United States last week there were widespread floods caused by the overflowing of rivers and streams swollen by spring thaws and torrential rains. More than 14,000 people were made homeless. Last weekend there were new widespread storms of snow and freezing rain.

MOVING A SWISS MEMORIAL TO QUEEN ASTRID OF BELGIUM: The small chapel is moved across the road to Lucerne on a series of rollers in order that the busy road, much used by tourists travelling along the Lake of Lucerne to and from Lucerne, may be widened. The building is not far from Kussnacht, at the northern end of the lake. It was erected in 1936 to commemorate Queen Astrid, who was killed in a tragic motor accident in August of the previous year. A stone cross by the roadside marks the site of the accident.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

ROYAL FINGERPRINTS AT SCOTLAND YARD: Prince Philip examines his fingers after his prints have been taken by Superintendent S. Drew. The picture was taken during his visit to Scotland Yard last week. He spent some time in the traffic maproom where he discussed the question of routes into London from Windsor and he also visited the Rogues' Gallery. Late in the evening Prince Philip, wearing a raincoat and hat so that he would not be recognised, was taken to a police station in the East End. He went in a police car answering a smash-and-grab raid call and cruised in a police launch from Wapping police station.

A ROYAL VISIT TO MARK THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF MONACO'S MUSEUM OF OCEANOGRAPHY: Prince Rainier and Princess Grace with their two-year-old son, Prince Albert, tour the galleries on the occasion of the Museum's golden jubilee. They are accompanied, on the left, by M. Cousteau, the Director of the Museum. The building contains collections illustrating the deep-sea explorations made by Prince Albert I. He founded the Museum in 1910. During his explorations Prince Albert's soundings reached a depth of 19,800 ft.

THE ROYAL NAVY TO THE RESCUE IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN: A helicopter from H.M. Aircraft Carrier *Albion* hovers over the Italian sailing ship *Georlando*, about 100 miles south of Crete. *Georlando*'s steering gear had got out of control and she had sent a distress call. This was picked up by *Albion* some 100 miles away. The carrier, which was engaged in a NATO exercise, immediately sent off jet aircraft to find the *Georlando*. *Albion* followed at full speed. When she came within range, a helicopter carried two engineer mechanics to the Italian ship. They were put down on her deck and arranged for repairs to be made and for new steering gear to be brought by helicopter.

A BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES FOR THE MAIDENHEAD BY-PASS: Work is in progress on an early stage of the construction of the bridge at Bray. The deep steel plate girders are being cantilevered out from the sides of the river. When it is finished the structure will have a central span of 270 ft. with two side spans of 38 ft. On the steel superstructure will be reinforced concrete slabs cast in situ, carrying the roadway. Work started on the by-pass in May last year, under a contract worth £2,500,000. The by-pass, which is due to be completed this year, is to form part of the planned London to South Wales motorway. Before the Second World War, foundations were laid for the bridge, but the work was then held up.

OPENING AN EXTENSION TO THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS: In the Department of Anatomy are, from left, Lord Nuffield; Lady Marks; Mrs. Kennedy; Sir Simon Marks; and Sir James Paterson Ross, the President of the Royal College of Surgeons. The Queen Mother was unable to open the new extension because of her recent attack of influenza. In declaring the building open, Sir James Paterson Ross said that the project was of great interest to the Queen Mother and one she would not wish delayed. Costing about £375,000, most of which was subscribed by Sir Simon Marks and members of his family, the extension marks the completion of the third stage of enlarging the war-damaged premises in London.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

COLONEL NASSER IN INDIA: On his arrival by air in Delhi the President of the U.A.R. wears the traditional garland of welcome as he stands with President Prasad and Mr. Nehru. In one of his first speeches during his twelve-day visit, President Nasser expressed his thanks for India's help in recent years, especially during the "crucial days of 1956," and referred to the moral and economic support given by India during and after "Egypt's gallant resistance" at Suez. In his first two days in Delhi Colonel Nasser had a number of talks with Mr. Nehru, whose opinion he is known to respect. From India he is due to go to Pakistan.

A LINK BETWEEN KATMANDU AND THE TIBETAN BORDER: About 20 miles from the Tibetan frontier Nepalese workmen are engaged on the construction of a road which will run from the Nepalese capital to the country's northern border. It is hoped that the project will be finished by the end of this year. Nepal has recently signed a border agreement with China. Mr. B. P. Koirala, the Nepalese Prime Minister, went to Pekin for talks with Mr. Chou En-lai, as result of which agreement on economic aid was also reached. Before Mr Koirala left, Mr. Chou told him he hoped to see him again "in Katmandu in the near future."

On right—

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL IN BARBADOS: He drives on the island with Sir John Stow, the Governor. Sir Winston had come ashore from the yacht *Christina*, in which he and Lady Churchill were cruising in the West Indies.

THE FEDERAL GERMAN CHANCELLOR IN JAPAN: Dr. Adenauer sits between the Emperor and Empress of Japan in the Imperial Palace in Tokyo. The Chancellor was received by their Majesties during his week's State visit. Considerable time was given to discussions with Mr. Kishi, the Japanese Prime Minister, who visited Germany last year. In a review of their talks Dr. Adenauer said that international questions had been the main subject. Both agreed that disarmament should be the most important matter for the Summit.

A UNITED NATIONS CONFERENCE IN BANGKOK ON THE ECONOMIC AFFAIRS OF ASIA: Sitting in front are some of the Pakistani delegates. From left to right they are: Mr. S. A. Sobhan, the Joint-Secretary to the Ministry of Finance; Mr. A. R. Bashir, the Deputy-Secretary to the Ministry of Finance, and Mr. F. Alam, the Commercial Secretary at the Pakistani Embassy in Burma. Behind them is the Soviet delegation. The picture was taken during the opening session of the conference of the United Nations Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East, which was held in the capital of Siam last month. The meetings were attended by over 240 delegates from twenty-four member countries, three associate member countries, fourteen countries outside the Commission's region and eight United Nations specialised agencies.

INDEPENDENCE FOR MADAGASCAR: M. Tsiranana, the President of Madagascar, and M. Debré, the French Prime Minister, shake hands in Paris after signing a treaty between their two countries. Under its terms Madagascar became a fully independent state, but co-operation is to continue with France within the framework of the remodelled French Community. In speeches after the ceremony President Tsiranana and M. Debré both emphasised their wish for close association. A number of other states in French Africa have recently started negotiations to achieve full independence

Camp David, Geneva and the Summit

By JOHN CONNELL

How critical was the state of negotiations on disarmament when Mr. Macmillan decided to go to see President Eisenhower? This is one of those questions about diplomatic history for whose answer we may have to wait many years. Yet of its importance and relevance to subsequent developments I have no doubt at all. Mr. Macmillan's was no routine mission: he himself pointed out, when he arrived on American soil, that the talks would affect the future of all mankind, and he is not the man to use an expression of that order for a fleeting rhetorical effect. He meant what he said; and, judging by the immediate and obvious consequences of the talks, he had done nothing more than state the sober truth.

The difference between British and American reactions to the Russian proposals for a ban on nuclear weapon tests must at one time have been very wide. It was certainly prudent not to expose that difference to public view while negotiations were in progress: the temptation to the Soviet Union to exploit it would have been irresistible.

It is probably, however, a simplification of a complex and delicate relationship to argue that Mr. Macmillan "won" the argument, and that the strategists in the Pentagon were "defeated." There is the ever-present danger that American suspicions of British motives and aspirations may be aroused; those whose business it is to keep these suspicions alive showed every inclination of being on the alert during Mr. Macmillan's visit. But there can be no doubt that on the whole the mission was valuable and successful.

What, in fact, was accomplished? Was it merely that, as *The Times* suggested, the President and the Prime Minister "tossed the ball back to the Russians"? Or was there a concerted move forward, towards a major and lasting agreement on nuclear disarmament? Most responsible people would prefer to hope and believe that the second interpretation was correct. The joint declaration issued at the end of the Camp David discussions, though couched in that perverse and puzzling dialect which I think of as "nuclearese," was both forthcoming in principle and specific in matters of detail—in spite of President Eisenhower's evident reluctance to commit his successor to any long-term course of action.

The United States and Britain jointly proclaimed themselves willing to agree to a short-term moratorium on small underground nuclear tests, on condition that a treaty on all detectable tests be signed first and that arrangements should be made for a joint research programme with the Soviet Union on the detection of these tests, which have, by the by, a seismic magnitude equal to the force of 19,000 tons of T.N.T.

This was a considerable advance from the previous American position, and meant that the United States Government had, like the British Government, decided to take the Soviet Union's proposals at their face value, and to try, by negotiation, to reach a practicable agreement. But the duration of the moratorium on the (at present) uncontrollable underground tests was left unsettled; and there seems little likelihood that, in view of the fact that President Eisenhower has only nine months' further tenure of his office, the Americans will make any major concession to the Russians who, all along, have held out for a moratorium of several years at least.

Short-term or long-term, there are, from the American viewpoint, some risks in a moratorium, which they have been willing to face. Whatever the means by which the U.S. Administration was brought to adopt a courageous and constructive attitude, I think that the simple fact that they did is worthy of appreciative and grateful comment. What are the risks?

First, the prohibition is, in present conditions and until the joint research project has fulfilled its task, not technically enforceable. Second, is it not possible that the Soviet Union may attempt to make this agreed, but uncontrollable, ban a precedent for any further steps towards general disarmament? Third, the Americans have a suspicion that, while their own teams of scientists who have been working on atomic weapons may disperse to other tasks, the Russians have the means and the will to keep their similar teams in being. And finally, there is the major risk that the whole idea of the moratorium is a fraud on the part of the Russians, and that they intend to use it to improve their atomic armoury, while the Western Powers stand still.

This risk is considerably offset by the fact that no intelligence agency in the West has been able to detect any indication of secret tests during the months in which there has been an unofficial cessation. President Eisenhower himself—if not all his advisers and experts—has come to adopt a realistic attitude towards the issue in its wider context, as well as on the detailed aspect of the moratorium.

He said in Washington on March 30: "All the signs are that the Soviets want to agree on disarmament, and want to stop testing. Speaking personally, the driving force behind my desire for a nuclear test ban treaty is to try to stop the expansion of the nuclear club beyond the present four nations—an expansion which can be dangerous. I myself think that American and Russian power is so tremendous that testing won't necessarily make destruction any more likely. The heart of the matter is mutual inspection and verification."

On mutual inspection there is bound to be hard, probably protracted, bargaining. But Russian flexibility on the whole problem of disarmament is no longer a wish-fulfilment fantasy. On the day that President Eisenhower made the observations which I have just quoted, the Soviet spokesman at Geneva announced that his country was not making a rigid stand on her proposal for a four-year deadline for total disarmament. This followed a broad hint from Mr. Ormsby-Gore, the chief British delegate, that targets rather than deadlines offer a basis for reasonable negotiation, and that if the Soviet Union could bring itself to regard the four-year time-limit as a forecast and not as a condition of disarmament, then the two sides would not be immeasurably apart from one another.

AGREEMENT AT CAMP DAVID: Mr. Macmillan and President Eisenhower fasten their safety belts before taking off in a helicopter from the lawn in front of the White House in Washington for Camp David. A joint statement after talks on the Russian nuclear proposals said Western agreement had been reached on a short-term voluntary moratorium on small underground tests in return for a formal treaty providing for a controlled ban on all other nuclear tests.

It is this steady narrowing of the gap that is one of the more hopeful contemporary signs. How many "on site" inspections are there to be? Is this a technical matter or, as the Russian argue, a political matter? What will be the composition of the inspection teams? What happens when the moratorium ends? Will there be a resumption of tests or a resumption of negotiations? If, as was being canvassed freely after the conclusion of the Camp David discussions, a treaty can be signed within ninety days, what will it comprise, and are we within sight of the removal of the threat of nuclear war?

Is that grim cloud which has hung over humanity for fifteen years at last to be removed? Disarmament, as I said here last week, is a word with a whole host of bleak and sorry associations for anyone over forty; yet in this era it is one of those two "rational objectives" defined lately by Lord Hailsham, in whose attainment lie all mankind's hopes of survival.

What all-round disarmament will effect is physical security—the eradication of the menace of instantaneous and horrible annihilation for millions. What it will not bring about is political, moral or spiritual security. When the appropriate treaties have been signed, the appropriate handshakes exchanged, the toasts drunk and the platitudes uttered, ours will not be, all of a sudden, a perfectly peaceful world. Russian—and Chinese—Communism has lost none of its militancy, none of its aggressive, proselytising zeal, none of its passionate faith in its own capacity to conquer and refashion the world.

This is an ambition which it is our right and our duty to resist. In renouncing nuclear weapons we must make sure that we do not renounce our own will to resist other forms of aggression than the sheerly military. East and West have, at various times, drifted perilously near to the catastrophe of military collision. All that we have done now, on both sides, is to recognise that such a collision would be a universal catastrophe, and to act on that recognition. The extent of the catastrophe can be gauged from the possession, by both the Soviet Union and the United States, of what is cheerfully described as an "over-kill potentiality"; that is to say, that each of these two possible belligerents has weapons with which it can now destroy the other three times over. The more I ponder this contingency, the narrower I believe the shave that the world has had.

An exhausted but indomitable Mr. Khrushchev has gone gallivanting around France, seeking adroitly to stir up ancient Franco-German animosities. Yet this same extraordinary man will come to the Summit Conference next month, all smiles and bland, pacific assurances. He is as cunning and as resolute as he is powerful. Is he to be trusted? Has the whole series of disarmament conversations been only a highly devious and highly unscrupulous manœuvre? Do the Western Powers run an appalling risk in taking the Russian assurances and offers at their face value?

This is a question which nobody with any experience of Soviet diplomacy can afford lightly to brush aside. The risk must be faced. But the alternative policy, that of pursuing the build-up of a vast nuclear armoury on either side, has its risks, too. Which is the more hideous? Co-existence with Communism could lead in the end to capitulation to Communism. The retention of "over-kill potentiality" could lead to the sudden, dreadful exploitation of that potentiality. NATO staffs are now being urged, probably on very proper strategic grounds, to think and plan in terms of a short war, thirty days in duration rather than ninety.

I myself wonder whether even this is not an over-estimate of the survival and endurance capacity of vast populations subjected to all-out nuclear attack. Might not social, political, administrative and economic ruin be completed much more quickly? The road from Camp David, to Geneva and to the Summit Conference, may be hazardous; but it is not so terrible as the other road.

AN INFERNO OF FLAMES: From the top of a 60-ft.-high turntable, a fireman, directing his hose, still cannot reach the top of the flames gushing from the whisky bonded warehouse of Arbuckle Smith and Company, in Cheapside Street, Anderston, Glasgow. In an explosion in the warehouse, 14 firemen and 5 salvage corps workers were killed.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER CLYDE: Flames leap ab The fire was fought throughout the night and fire-fi anchored in the Clyde to pump water into the area. We

THE GLASGOW DISASTER

In Fighting a Fire in a Whisky Bonded Warehouse 19 Men Lose Their Lives

In a little over a month, whisky stored in the City of Glasgow caught fire three times. The third time, last week, was one of the worst fires in recent times in Britain. Firemen arrived for what was reported to be a small outbreak in the whisky bonded warehouse of Arbuckle Smith and Company, in Cheapside Street, near the Clyde. Just after they reached the six-storey building there was a loud explosion and a wall collapsed into Cheapside Street, burying two fire-engines. Another fire-engine was trapped under tons of rubble and a salvage wagon was immobilised. Flames rose to a height of 100 ft. Fourteen firemen and five salvage corps workers were killed. The death of the five members of the Glasgow Salvage Corps was the worst disaster in the history of the corps since it was founded in 1873. (The corps is maintained by the fire insurance companies to minimise damage to property at fires.)

Tongues of flames leapt across the street and set fire to another whisky bonded warehouse four times, but each time firemen managed to put them out. Desperate but successful efforts were made to prevent the fire from spreading southwards to the adjacent cold-storage building, where there were large ammonia vats. Embers also started fires on the roof of an engineering works 100 yards away, where there were stores of liquid oxygen. But these were also extinguished. Four tugs stood by two cargo vessels moored on the opposite bank of the Clyde, 250 yards away, in case the clouds of sparks threatened their cargoes.

Despite the heroic efforts of the firemen, the damage was put by the British Insurance Association provisionally at not less than £2,500,000 and possibly more than £5,000,000. If the figure exceeded £5,000,000, the fire might prove the costliest British fire in peace-time since the Great Fire of London. Until a full inquiry has investigated the disaster, the causes are not certain. But one suggestion put forward in the House of Commons deserves great consideration—bonded warehouses should not in future be erected in congested areas. At the time of the fire two tenement houses in Cheapside Street had to be evacuated.

bove [illegible] whisky bonded warehouse, 100 yards from the river. rom all parts of the city were called. The Glasgow fire-boat veek estimates of the damage were not less than £2,500,000.

DEVASTATION IN CHEAPSIDE STREET: The flames almost hide the barrels of whisky stored in the warehouse. A few minutes after firemen arrived at the fire, there was a loud explosion and a wall collapsed and buried two fire-engines under masonry and flaming beams. Another fire-engine was trapped a few minutes later by tons of rubble.

ON THE DAY AFTER THE DISASTER: A fire-engine lies buried in rubble and whisky barrels. *Left*—From the air can be seen the still smouldering warehouse in the crowded warehouse district. Two blocks of tenement houses in the street were evacuated during the blaze, and surrounding warehouses and factories several times caught fire.

LIFEBOATS UNDER FIRE

A Series of Tests to Discover Protection for Tanker Crews Adrift in a Sea of Flames

PREPARING FOR TESTS: At H.M.S. *Phœnix*, the Royal Naval Atomic Defence and Damage Control School at Portsmouth, a scientist from the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research installs instruments to measure temperature and analyse atmospheric conditions in a lifeboat. This was of the aluminium-hulled type and is one of the various kinds of lifeboats being subjected to fire-resistant tests. A programme of these tests is being carried out at H.M.S. *Phœnix* by the Ministry of Transport in conjunction with the Admiralty, to find out whether some measure of protection can be given to tanker crews who have to launch their lifeboats into a sea of burning oil. Various types of hull are being tried—aluminium, steel and glass fibre—and seven kinds of canopies of various materials, including chemically-treated canvas and flexible asbestos. The tests are of a preliminary nature, and the boats and other equipment are not ideal. The results will be conveyed to the lifeboat industry, but at the moment no attempt is being made to overcome the specific design problems. For instance, the vessels would have to be self-rigged. The lifeboat in these pictures had a canvas cover which was continually wetted by water pumped on to it. Despite four minutes of the heat from burning kerosene, the cover remained intact.

IN A SEA OF FIRE: During the tests at H.M.S. *Phœnix*, an aluminium-hulled lifeboat is surrounded by kerosene flames and smoke. The conditions simulated those which would be experienced by the crew of a tanker in a lifeboat launched into the sea after their ship had caught fire. In spite of the heat, instruments inside the lifeboat remained intact.

On left—

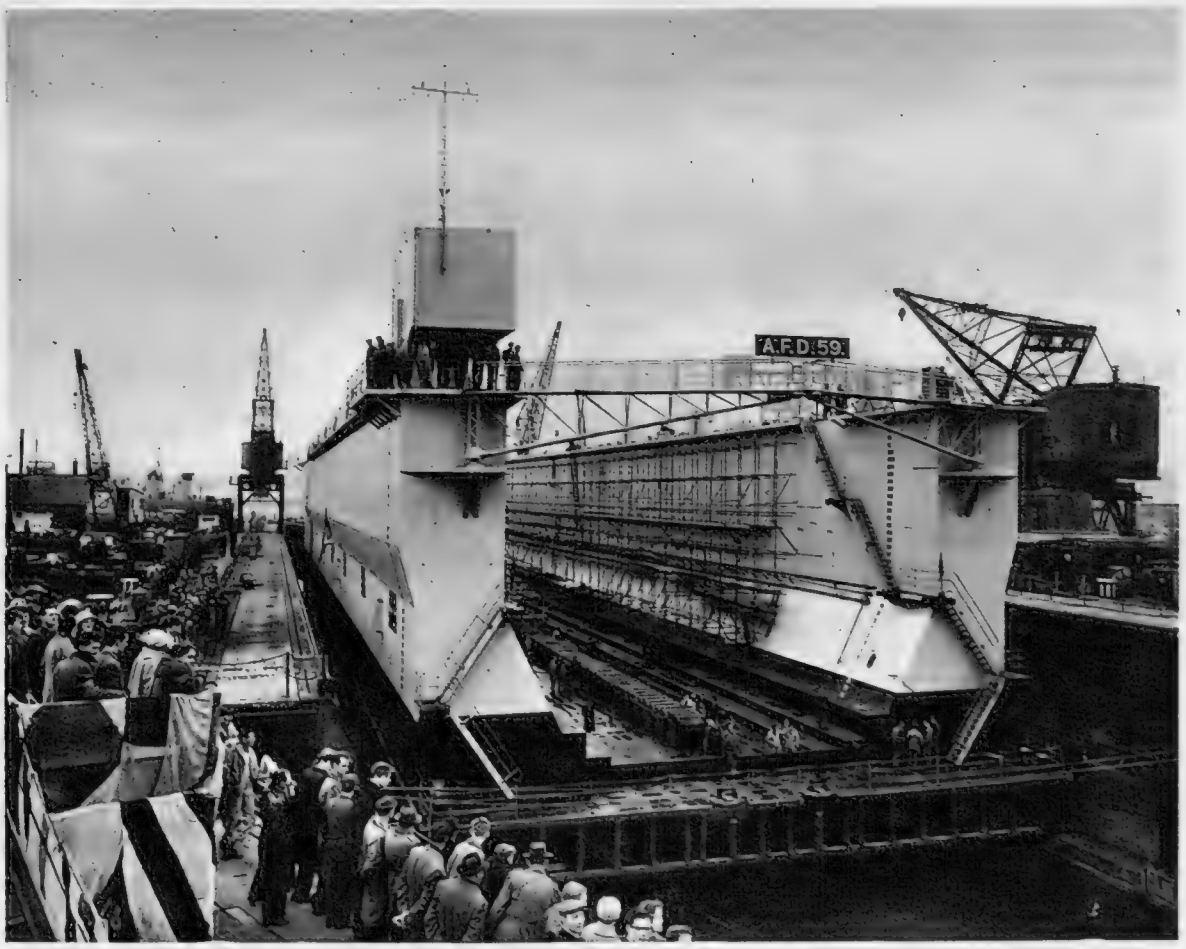
JETS OF FOAM: Round the edge of the tank hoses are directed on the flames at the end of the test at the naval station at Portsmouth. After its fiery baptism, the canvas cover of the lifeboat is intact and the woodwork inside the vessel is unharmed.

BEFORE AND AFTER: The lifeboat floats on the water before the kerosene is lit. *Right*—After four minutes of flames, the boat is intact, except for a hole in the bows. This was expected, since in normal conditions they would be cooled by waves or a water spray.

The Navy's New Floating Dock

THE "LAUNCH" OF ADMIRALTY FLOATING DOCK 59: The massive structure lies in the dry-dock in Portsmouth dockyard after its "launch" by Lady Carrington, the wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty. She had pressed a button which allowed the dry-dock to flood so that the water lifted the floating dock from the bottom. Built by Admiralty workmen, A.F.D. 59 is 400 ft. long, 72 ft. wide and 65 ft. high. It can remain at sea for several days, and in its walls is accommodation for 200 men. The dock will enable Britain's first atomic submarine, H.M.S. *Dreadnought*, to be completed. It is large enough to take destroyers and frigates for repairs. Construction of A.F.D. 59 should be finished by the middle of the summer and it will be towed to Barrow-in-Furness, where *Dreadnought* is being built. The nuclear-powered submarine will be twice the size of present submarines. She will have a whale-shaped hull, giving maximum underwater efficiency.

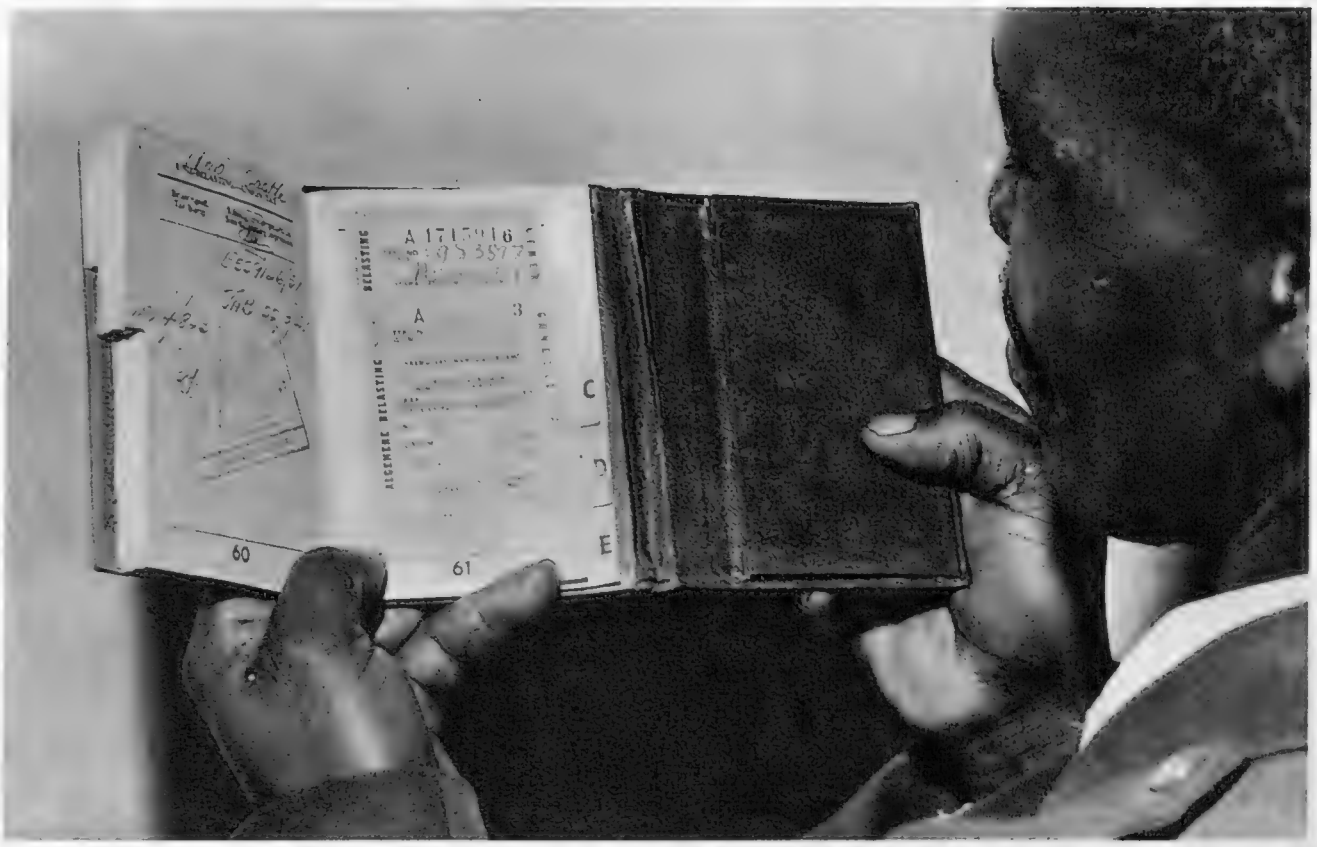
POINTS OF INTEREST: Rear-Admiral J. H. Unwin, Admiral Superintendent, H.M. Dockyard, Portsmouth, points out some of the features of the floating dock to Lord and Lady Carrington. *On right*—Spectators look on as A.F.D. 59 rises in the water after the dry-dock has been flooded.



PASS LAWS FOR AFRICANS

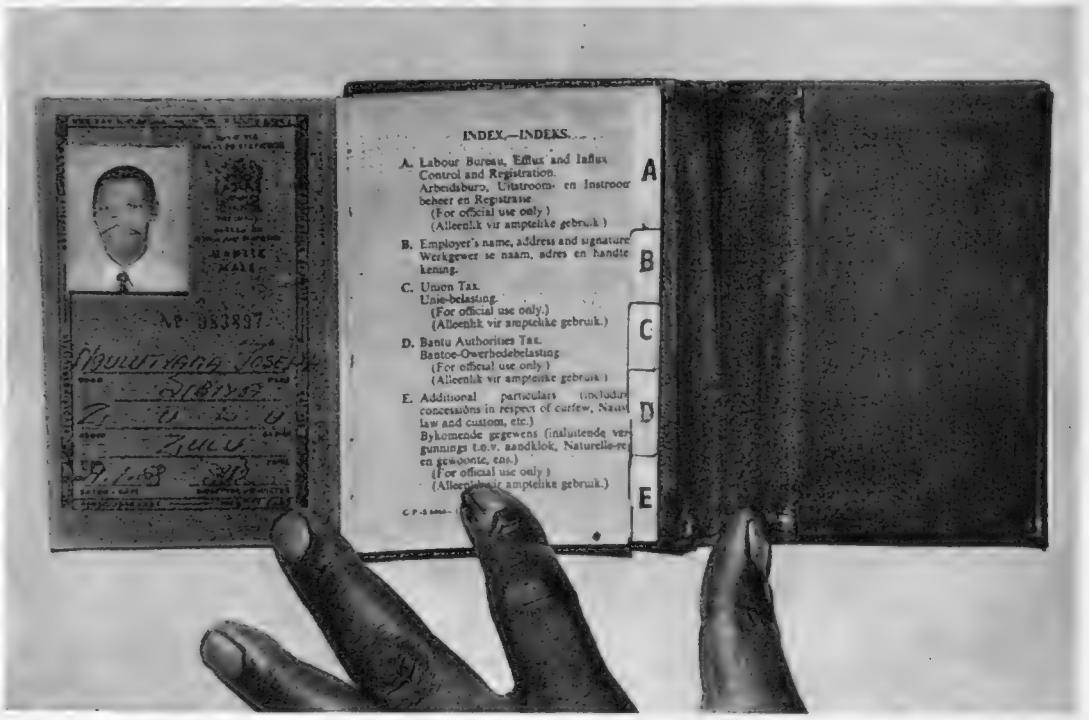
Aftermath of the Suspension of the Regulations in South Africa

Under the Pass Laws in South Africa every African male over the age of sixteen has to carry what is officially termed a "reference book." This contains a number of passes, including identity documents, certificate of employment signed by employer, permit to reside in a particular area, certificate of taxes paid and, if granted, permit to be out after curfew. The authorities have always argued that without some system of control of movement of the native population, there would be a mass descent of unwanted labour upon the towns and much resultant unemployment. To the Africans, the pass system has been one of the most hated symbols of *apartheid*. The Pan-African campaign against the laws led to the killings at Sharpeville and Langa. A few days later the Government suspended the laws. Burnings by Africans of their reference books led to further violence.



ONE OF THE ROOTS OF THE CURRENT DISORDERS IN SOUTH AFRICA: A native holds up a registration document of the type which every African in the Union was compelled to carry until the recent suspension of the Pass Laws by the Government. The growing hatred felt by the Africans because they could not move about without these documents was undoubtedly one of the reasons for the tragic events at Sharpeville and Langa.

A SYMBOLIC BLAZE: A fire consumes Pass Books in Orlando, a native township near Johannesburg. Many ceremonial burnings of these documents were organised by Africans last week.



THE DETAILS DEMANDED FOR A PASS BOOK: The first page has an index for five sections regarded as essential by the authorities. Details required include a certificate from an employer; a permit for residence in the particular area; a tax receipt and a permit from a magistrate for the holder to be out after curfew.

TWO DEMONSTRATIONS BY AFRICANS: *Left*—A crowd dances and sings outside the railway station at Orlando on the day after the suspension of the Pass Laws. Later in the day mob violence broke out among Africans. Those who had observed the "Day of Mourning" for the dead of Sharpeville attacked those who had not. *Right*—An African leader is carried by his supporters through a street in Cape Town after a non-violent demonstration by many of his followers in protest against the Government's policies.

REBUILDING AT CHELSEA BARRACKS

OLD AND NEW QUARTERS IN LONDON FOR THE ARMY: Work is in progress clearing away the old blocks at Chelsea Barracks so that new quarters can be erected for officers and men. The old building on the right is in the process of being pulled down. On some parts of the site the foundations for the new buildings are being dug. The old barracks were put up ninety-nine years ago and soon became a familiar London landmark near Chelsea Bridge. In recent years they have been found inadequate for the needs of the British Army of to-day. The new barracks are planned to house two battalions of the Brigade of Guards and two bands, and will include a court martial centre for the London District. The rebuilding is expected to be finished in January 1962 and it is estimated that it will cost about £2,250,000. Chelsea is only one of a number of barracks throughout Great Britain which are being reconstructed under a modernisation programme drawn up by the War Office. A total of £50,000,000 will be spent on these projects over a period of years.

"BARRACK DAMAGES" ON A VAST SCALE: A crane helps to demolish the fabric of an old building at Chelsea Barracks. *On right*—Rubble waits to be cleared to make way for the foundations of new buildings which will provide excellent quarters.

The island of Malta possesses natural advantages which help to provide a livelihood for its population. The land is intensively cultivated, providing both food for the Maltese and an important part of the exports. Agriculture and fishing are still the principal occupations, but in order to increase the wealth of the island, intensive efforts are being made to capitalise on the island's natural assets, its warm climate and fine beaches, and the harbour at Valletta. A tourist board was set up last year and in the first year of its existence it was estimated that over 12,000 tourists visited the island, arriving either by ship or by air. The fortifications and other remaining buildings of the Knights of Saint John, who long defended the island against invaders, provide much of the distinctive charm for the visitor.

Valletta Grand Harbour is one of the finest in the world; the capital of the island is built on a promontory which divides the wide bay. The water is very deep, and large vessels can anchor alongside the shore. Its facilities are usually busy, since the island is the headquarters of the British Mediterranean Fleet and of NATO Mediterranean Command. Recently, with many units sailing to Malta for working-up exercises before proceeding to their stations in the Far East, the harbour has been more than usually occupied. A new deep-water quay is due to be finished shortly, which will enable cargo vessels to dispense with lighters to transfer their cargoes.

ACTIVITY IN MALTA

Busy Scenes in Valletta Grand Harbour, Filled with Warships and Merchant Vessels

ARRIVING IN MALTA: The carrier *Bulwark*, accompanied by the tug *Nimble*, moves towards her berth in Valletta Harbour. On board Britain's first Commando carrier, the ship's company and her complement of Commandos stand on the flight-deck. Bathed in the Mediterranean sunshine are the densely packed buildings of Valletta, the capital.

On right—

TOURISTS ARRIVE: Dressed overall, the Swedish liner *Gripsholm* lies anchored in Valletta Grand Harbour. With 500 American visitors on board, the liner paid a brief call to Malta on a Mediterranean cruise.

IN LINE ASTERN, FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM: Four minesweepers of the 100th Minesweeping Squadron move in towards Valletta Grand Harbour past a breakwater. From left they are *Yarnton*, *Wolverton*, *Upton* and *Appleton*. These "Ton" class coastal minesweepers were in the Mediterranean for fleet exercises.

THE GRAND HARBOUR OF VALLETTA: The aerial view shows the huge amo a promontory which juts out into the centre of the large bay on the north-e with tenders and other craft lying alongside. On the right are cargo vessels

MUCH ACTIVITY IN MALTA: The island, which is the headquarters of the Mediterranean Fleet, has seen more than usual concentrations of warships recently, with units exercising in the Mediterranean before proceeding to their stations. In Sliema Creek, just to the north-west of Valletta, are ships of the 6th Destroyer Squadron, 4th Frigate Squadron and 5th Frigate Squadron. Foreground are tank-landing ships.

amount of shipping which can be accommodated. Valletta is built on rth-east coast of the island. Foreground is the aircraft-carrier *Ark Royal*, ssels and a liner, and in the distance H.M.S. *Tiger*, Britain's latest cruiser.

IN THE DOCKYARD: Berthed alongside Parlatorio Wharf in the yard of Bailey (Malta) Ltd. is the aircraft-carrier *Albion*, in the Mediterranean for exercises before proceeding east of Suez. Merchant vessels and warships are seen in the yard undergoing refits. Baileys have taken over the yard, which had been under Admiralty control for 160 years.

WHO WERE THE GREAT WALKERS?

An Estimation of the Achievements of Pedestrians of the Past, Compared with the Successes of Dr. Moore and the Winners of the Billy Butlin Marathon Walk

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

AN elderly lady, Dr. Barbara Moore, has made all Britain foot-conscious. Actually, it all started with a young Marine, who broke the 110-mile marching record. He received a good deal of publicity and all the other Services joined in, determined to wrest the record from him. Shortly afterwards, two corporals of the Royal Engineers covered the 110 miles from Birmingham to London in 34 hours 47 mins., beating the Marine's record by 100 mins. Dr. Barbara Moore also walked from Birmingham to London, and she knocked several hours off the corporals' time.

This should not, I suppose, have surprised anyone, for the modern army (and rightly so) is truck-conscious rather than foot-conscious. But the fact seems to be, although I am not certain of the details, for I was not then particularly interested, that a good deal of doubt was cast upon her achievement. People just did not believe it. I do not know that you can blame them. After all, she was fifty-six and the corporals were young, fit men. So Dr. Barbara Moore walked from Edinburgh to London, more out of pique than anything else, I gather, in an "I'll-show-'em" frame of mind. She did it in quite remarkably quick time. This time there could be no doubt about it. The spotlight was on her: crowds, newspaper reporters, cameras—the lot.

It was this walk that first aroused my interest. I read somewhere that she had passed through Tow Law sipping fruit-juice and wearing ballet shoes. That really intrigued me. I have myself done a fair amount of long-distance walking: not very much of it on main roads, I must admit, and none of it in record time. Forty miles in a day is the most I have ever done, and I thought that agony, and anyway, I cannot really remember the last ten miles. But I have made quite long walks—Bangor to Swansea, Dover to Penzance, Land's End to Bristol (round the coast), the whole length of the Chesil Beach, which is not a great distance but which is, I swear, the hardest and most tiring walk in Britain, and so on. I did them on beer and in boots. I enjoyed myself.

Edinburgh to London completed, Dr. Barbara Moore walked from John o' Groats to Land's End. Her Edinburgh walk attracted wide attention, but not because of the ballet shoes, which nobody except myself seems to have thought at all odd; rather because of the fruit-juice. This time she had imitators. She covered the distance (891 miles) in 23 days, and in mid-winter. Two men, I believe, did it in slightly less time, and a nineteen-year-old girl, Wendy Lewis, a Liverpool hairdresser, who had never before been for a long walk in her life, took a day longer. That walk, and especially, I suspect, the performance of the two women, also attracted the attention of Billy Butlin. Mr. Butlin is one of the master showmen of our age, a man with a positive genius for publicity, but also, like all great showmen, a man of most generous nature. Here, despite the big money prizes he offered, was a gift for him. The enormous publicity his "mass walk" received would have been cheap at double the price: but I am quite sure that that never entered his head when, at the end, he gave away much more money than he had said he would at the beginning.

There are a number of views about the Butlin race from John o' Groats to Land's End. A lot of people thought that he had no right to clutter up the roads, already crowded enough with wheeled traffic, with hordes of walkers. A lot of people dismissed the whole affair as a disgusting publicity stunt (but nevertheless followed the fortunes of the entrants avidly). Personally, though it was a publicity stunt, I think that it was a jolly good idea. I am all for walkers using the roads. It was a tremendous test of courage and endurance: and, for that alone, a good thing. Nor have I any brief for those who hold that, since many of the entrants gave up after comparatively few miles, there should have been some sort of test to decide who should start and who should not. How was anyone to know that Wendy Lewis, a completely untried walker, would take only a day longer than so experienced a walker as Dr. Barbara Moore ?

My only complaint lies with the rules (if there were any: I am not sure about that). The race was described as the "Butlin Walk." The competitors wore large labels announcing this, each with an individual number. But the race was won by a *runner* and another *runner* was second. James Musgrave, of Doncaster, the winner, took 15½ days. John Grundy, of Wakefield, a marathon runner, took an hour longer. Do not think that I am disparaging two wonderful achievements: I am not. I am only pointing out that neither man, despite the title of the event, walked and that that is not altogether fair to the walkers. If this is to be an annual event—and I very much hope that it will be—then I think that there should be two races, one for runners and one for walkers. Otherwise, we shall find somebody doing it on roller-skates. Come to think of it, that is rather an idea !

FROM JOHN O' GROATS TO LAND'S END: The competitors leave John o' Groats at the start of the marathon walk sponsored by Mr. Billy Butlin. *Right*—Alfred Rozentals walks through Devon, accompanied by Mr. Butlin. Mr. Rozentals finished third in the walk.

Actually, the third man to finish did walk all the way. This was Alfred Rozentals, a miner, and he did it in 16 days: only half a day longer than the runners. Even more remarkable was the achievement of Wendy Lewis, doing the walk for the second time within six weeks. She took 17 days, beating her previous time by a week and Dr. Barbara Moore's time by no fewer than six days.

But I am not concerned with records. These, though it is difficult to believe it at this moment, will be beaten ; even Wendy Lewis's, though that seems scarcely possible, for she was averaging around 50 miles a day; for that is the way with records. What does interest me is how these people compare with the great walkers of the past. It is not an easy comparison to make, for most of the great walkers of the past walked for enjoyment with no thought of records or prizes. I suppose that a truer comparison would be with the great professional pedestrians of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, with Foster Powell and Captain Barclay. Barclay once walked 1,000 miles at the rate of one mile in each of 1,000 successive hours. He would have done John o' Groats to Land's End easily enough, but would he have done it any quicker ? Powell never walked quite as far, but he walked a good deal faster. He did London to York and back (402 miles) in 5½ days. He did 100 miles along the Bath Road in 23¼ hours, and the 112 miles from Canterbury to London Bridge and back in 24 hours exactly. But nobody can say that he would have done John o' Groats to Land's End any quicker than Mr. Rozentals.

Perhaps some of the great "walkers for fun" would have done so with a prize of £1,000 dangling in front of them. But who were these great walkers ? I think we must ignore the explorers, the mountaineers and the "peak baggers," and all those who walked as part of their business, if not actually for money. We are left with a surprising assortment: Wordsworth, Carlyle, William Hutton, Hugh Miller, Coleridge, Hazlitt, de Quincey, Charles Lamb, George Borrow, Stevenson, Shelley, and many others. Of the moderns: Stephen Graham, one of the great walkers of all time. Of the women: Dorothy Wordsworth and Katharine Gotsch-Trevelyan, who walked across Canada. Every one of these would have been well capable of John o' Groats to Land's End; probably not one of them would have considered it anything out of the ordinary, nothing to make a fuss about.

Carlyle seems to hold, even to this day, the record for a daylight walk: 54 miles between sunrise and sunset. Wordsworth is estimated to have walked at least 180,000 miles in Britain. William Hutton (at the age of seventy-eight !) walked from Birmingham to Carlisle, the whole length of the Roman Wall and back to Carlisle, and then back to Birmingham, and did so at a steady 2½ miles an hour. Borrow walked from Norwich to London (112 miles) in 27 hours. No one has ever estimated how many miles Dorothy Wordsworth walked in her lifetime; but almost certainly more than any other English woman has ever done. But we do not know how fast she walked. I think that my money, provided that he could have kept out of trouble on the way, would be on George Borrow to beat Mr. Rozentals. He had the necessary competitive spirit.

But really, any sort of comparison is really impossible. In the days when those men walked, walking was the accepted method of progression for ordinary folk. To-day, people do not walk if they can possibly help it. They will not even walk a mile to the shops if they can wait for a bus. Looked at like this, the achievement of Wendy Lewis and Alfred Rozentals, walkers in a non-walking age, becomes all the greater. On the other hand, it must be remembered that none of the others were really trying, so far as we know: they were just going for walks; they were not trying to beat anything or anyone.

This brings me back to the question of food and footwear. None of the great walkers of the past bothered to go into training. They set off in their ordinary clothes, ate ordinary food and drank as the fancy took them. Only Powell of the great pedestrians trained seriously or bothered about his food, and he drank beer. Barclay once had to give up a walk because he had taken too liberally of the brandy bottle: his normal meal while walking consisted of a whole roast fowl and two pints of beer—a man after my own heart ! George Borrow comes nearest to Dr. Barbara Moore with her fruit-juices and grapes. He walked from Norwich to London on two apples, a roll of bread, a glass of milk and one pint of beer. That pint of beer spoils it. Dr. Barbara Moore, though her record has gone beyond repair, can undoubtedly claim to be the champion vegetarian walker. She is also, undoubtedly, the only great walker ever to favour ballet shoes. All the great walkers of the past, including Dorothy Wordsworth and Katharine Gotsch-Trevelyan, wore "stout shoes" or "thick boots."

I do not know what Mr. Rozentals ate and drank on his walk. It cannot have been anything out of the ordinary, however: had it been, we should all have heard about it. I only hope that he is sufficiently in the old tradition to have had a beer or two on the way. But we do know what Wendy Lewis ate—steak and kidney pudding with real suet. Remember, she knocked six days off the female record. She may be only nineteen, but she is in the old tradition. Dorothy Wordsworth, you will remember, relished a steak-and-kidney pudding with a "thick suet crust."

Manam and its Volcano

Life on the New Guinea Island During the Recent Eruption

Pictures in "The Sphere" last week showed the volcano in eruption on Manam. Now further pictures bring later news from the island where a few days ago crater activity had reached its lowest level since the eruption began. But Mr. Taylor, the Australian Government vulcanologist, stated there were indications that the calm was only temporary. When in the middle of last month flames and lava started to pour from the mountain, the authorities feared that some of the native inhabitants might have to be evacuated. Police were summoned from the mainland to assist in any necessary measures. As the craters quietened it became apparent that, for the moment at any rate, there was no need for evacuation. Although huts in a number of villages were covered in ash and crops suffered considerable damage from lava, life continued as normal. Men and women went out to work in the plantations and children attended school.

Recently there have been reports of other volcanic activity in this area of the Pacific Ocean. A pilot flying over Manus Island, in the Admiralty Group, about 150 miles north-east of Manam, observed a volcanic island had risen from the sea. He said it was some two miles long and 200 ft. high on the west side. He saw a considerable flow of lava and ash and a show of steam on the waterline. Mr. Taylor, who is also vulcanologist to the Admiralty Islands, is quoted as saying that this island may be a reappearance of Tuleman Island, which was thrust up from the sea-bed in this area two years ago and later disappeared.

VOLCANIC ISLAND: Natives in a canoe watch smoke rising from the peak of Manam island, off the coast of Australian New Guinea. There was a serious eruption in the middle of last month.

AN EXPERT ON VOLCANOES: Mr. G. A. Taylor is the Australian Government vulcanologist on Manam. He has been studying the course of the eruption of the island's volcano. With him is a police boy.

A MISSION SCHOOL: Sister Matilda is in charge of the island's Roman Catholic mission school. She is seen here with two Melanesian sisters on her staff and some of her pupils.

WORK CONTINUES UNDER THE THREAT OF LAVA: Two natives walk along a rough road cut through the jungle. *On left*—A party sets out to work in the plantations. Considerable damage was caused to crops by falling lava. Last week crater activity was reported to have reached its lowest level since the eruption began.

SCOTLAND'S ROYAL DAY

A Round of Engagements for Princess Margaret

At the end of her day-long visit to Clydeside last week, Princess Margaret delayed her return to London in order to visit the scene of the disastrous warehouse fire. Accompanied by the Lord Provost and Glasgow's chief fire officer, she saw the devastation which had been caused on the previous evening, and asked that a message of sympathy be conveyed to the bereaved. The Royal visit had started at Helensburgh, in Dunbartonshire, where Her Royal Highness opened the Church of Scotland Services' Club. Later, she spent some time with the Third Submarine Squadron at Faslane, visiting the submarine *Rorqual* and the depot ship *Adamant*. While on board the *Adamant* the Princess watched the submarine carry out a series of diving operations. In the afternoon Princess Margaret attended a service of Dedication in Glasgow Cathedral and unveiled the memorial windows in honour of the Scottish war dead of the three services and of the Merchant Navy.

A VISIT TO THE ROYAL NAVY IN SCOTLAND: Princess Margaret climbs from the hatch of the submarine *Rorqual* during her visit to the Third Submarine Squadron at Faslane, on the Gare Loch. She spent more than an hour touring the submarine. In the control room the Princess looked through the periscope.

A GIFT FOR PRINCESS MARGARET: On board H.M.S. *Adamant*, Chief Engine-room Artificer Peter Renwick presents a silver brooch, in the shape of a submarine, which he had designed and made himself.

AT THE SCENE OF DISASTER: Mr. Martin Chadwick, Chief of the Glasgow Fire Brigade, talks to the Princess about the disastrous warehouse fire. On the left is Glasgow's Lord Provost, Sir Myer Galpern.

ON BOARD H.M.S. "ADAMANT": Princess Margaret watches a display of rope-climbing on the submarine depot ship. There was also a demonstration of sending signals by semaphore flags. The Princess had luncheon on board the depot ship before travelling to Glasgow for her afternoon's engagements.

"JUNO," BY REMBRANDT: The portrait by the Dutch artist was to be seen last week at Christie's, in London, as one of 55 pictures on sale from the collection of the late Dr. C. J. K. van Aalst. It was withdrawn at 55,000 gns., not having reached the reserve price.

THE "LOST" JUNO IN LONDON

Seen by the Public in England for the First Time, One of Rembrandt's Most Famous Portraits at Auction at Christie's

The "Juno" portrait is one of the most important Rembrandts to come up for sale in London for many years. It is a painting which has a somewhat mysterious past, since it was lost for 250 years after it was painted in the 1660's, thereby acquiring the title the "Lost Juno" in the art world. The portrait is of a threequarter-length figure in a yellow-brown damask dress, with a blue ermine-lined cloak thrown back from the shoulders and held in place by a heavy collar-clasp of jewels and pearls. She wears a crown on her braided hair, her left hand rests on a red-covered table, and in her right she holds a sceptre. In the bottom left-hand corner is a peacock.

The face bears a great resemblance to portraits of Hendrickje Stoffels, the artist's mistress, whose death in 1662 may have interrupted Rembrandt's work on the painting. In that year, the picture became involved in a law suit between the artist and an Amsterdam collector, Harmen Becker. In return for nine pictures and two books of prints and drawings as security, Becker had lent Rembrandt two large sums of money. Two years later the artist tried to repay the debt, but Becker said: "Let Rembrandt finish the 'Juno' first." In October 1665, Rembrandt brought a suit against Becker over the repayment, which was eventually settled amicably. Becker returned the pictures he held and probably received in return the "Juno." It was found in the inventory of his collection on his death.

But then the "Juno" disappeared. Towards the end of 1935 it came up for sale in Cologne with several other pictures which had been on loan to a museum in Bonn. The painting was extremely dirty and was knocked down unrecognised to a Dutch furniture dealer for about £70. It remained unrecognised until it was bought by Mr. D. Katz, of Dieren, a well-known Dutch dealer, for £700 in 1936. When cleaned, the long-lost "Juno" was revealed, to be greeted with enthusiasm by art specialists all over the world. It was bought by the late Dr. C. J. K. van Aalst, a Dutch banker, who built up a large collection of Dutch pictures.

The "Juno" and three other pictures were sent to the United States, where they remained during the war, in the safe keeping of the Detroit Institute of Arts. They were put up for sale at Christie's by Dr. van Aalst's son; the sale was the first time that the "Juno" had been seen publicly in England.

AT THE BIRD OBSERVATORY AT DUNGENESS: In part of the natural sanctuary on the shingle promontory jutting out into the English Channel, helpers drive a bird into one of the nets so that it can be caught, ringed and measured before it is released. In the background is the old Dungeness Lighthouse, standing on the Kent headland.

BIRD WATCHING AT DUNGENESS

Work at an Important Bird Observatory

The desolate shingle headland at Dungeness, in Kent, is a busy spot these days. Nearby an atomic power station is being erected. Because the structure will mask the beams of the old Dungeness light, a new revolutionary lighthouse has been erected on the headland. But, besides this, there is a large, natural bird sanctuary on the marshes just inland, and an important bird observatory has been established on the headland. Its importance stems from the nearness of France—only 23 miles away—and the numerous nocturnal and diurnal immigrant birds. The observatory headquarters are the old Naval signalling station, and the Dungeness Bird Observatory Committee have erected a large number of funnel-shaped traps over a large area of the headland.

The Warden, Mr. R. E. Scott, appointed for a term of three years, has as one of his duties the study of the reactions of birds to the new power station. One theory to account for the large influx of nocturnal immigrants was the attraction of the yellow light of the old Dungeness light. It should be possible to prove or disprove this theory after some months of the "bluish daylight" illumination of the new light. To save the birds from dashing themselves against the old lighthouse, the tower has been floodlit for some years.

At the peak periods of migration, birds fly in streams towards Dungeness from Southern Europe and North Africa, from Norway, Sweden and Finland. Information obtained from the birds caught at Dungeness is passed to the British Museum. Blackbirds ringed at Dungeness have been found within a few days at places as far apart as Ireland, the north of Scotland and Belgium. As the work of ringing birds has increased greatly in all parts of the world, a great deal of information has been gathered about migration routes and the vast distances that some kinds of birds fly. A common tern ringed at Dungeness in August 1958 was found the next year in Sierra Leone. A blackbird ringed in 1958 was reported in Finland, a chiffchaff in Portugal, a willow warbler in Morocco, and a linnet in Spain. It was estimated that in one year over 8,000 birds were ringed at Dungeness.

WATCHING FOR MIGRATING BIRDS: On the barren shingle wastes, they ring the birds but also report on all the birds which fly Mr. R. E. Scott. *Left*—Inside the end or neck of the long

RECORDING DETAILS: Two student helpers measure one of the birds in a trap. Although some observatories take their catch back to headquarters for measuring, at Dungeness the commoner varieties are dealt with in the open.

On right—

NO HARM DONE: The wing measurements of a goldcrest are taken in the open. The bird is gently but firmly held so that no damage is done. Goldcrests are one of the smallest of British birds.

RETRIEVING A BIRD: The Warden at Dungeness, Mr. Scott, carefully puts his hand into the trap to grasp a bird. In these Heligoland traps, there is a long funnel of netting, down which the birds are driven into the box at the end. Dungeness owes its importance as a bird observatory to the nearness of France and its attraction for migrants.

RINGING A SPECIMEN: The lightweight ring, on which is inscribed the date and place, is clipped round the bird's leg with a special pair of pliers. The specimen is a robin of European origin.

…bservers keep their eyes on the sky all the time. Not only do …er. Left is the Warden of the Dungeness Bird Observatory, …Heligoland trap of netting, observers approach one of the birds.

BACK TO FREEDOM AGAIN: A goldcrest, which has been trapped and ringed at Dungeness, is held ready to be released. A large number of traps have been erected on the headland to catch migrating birds. It has been suggested that one reason for the influx of nocturnal immigrants in the past has been the yellow beam of Dungeness light.

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL 1960

The Edinburgh International Festival for 1960 will open on August 21 with the customary Service of Praise and Thanksgiving in St. Giles Cathedral and continues until September 10. An extremely rich fare is provided throughout the three weeks and the musical connoisseur is likely to be better served this year than for some time past.

One of the chief orchestral attractions is sure to be the Leningrad Symphony Orchestra, which will give four performances in the last week. It will be the first time the Soviet Union has been represented at the Festival. The orchestra's programme will include the first performance in the West of Shostakovich's Cello Concerto, Op. 101, played by Mstislav Rostropovitch, for whom it was written. Two other outstanding orchestral events will be the world premières of Sir William Walton's Second Symphony and Humphrey Searle's Third. Both are being given by the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by John Pritchard. This orchestra is making its debut at the Festival.

Opera will be presented by the Glyndebourne Festival Opera throughout the three weeks. Ballet will be danced by the Royal Ballet Company, led by Dame Margot Fonteyn; the Little Ballet Troupe from India and Leonide Massine's Ballets Européens of Nervi. The ballet and dance list will also include the Spanish dancers Susana y José, who will appear with the support of a guitarist, a pianist and a flamenco singer during the second week.

Turning to drama, again there is to be much of special appeal. Two world premières and two British premières are among the plays. The first world première is to be *The Wallace*, by Sydney Goodsir Smith. It is concerned with the events in London and Scotland between 1297 and 1305 which ended in the execution of William Wallace by Edward I. The other world première is to be Bernard Kops's *The Dream of Peter Mann*, which is described as a humorous and poetic allegory, a kind of modern "Everyman." The British premières are Friedrich Dürrenmatt's *Romulus the Great* ("an unhistorical historical comedy") and *Mary Queen of Scots*, by B. Bjornson, which is virtually unknown in Britain and has been specially translated for the Festival by Miss Elizabeth Sprigge. Bothwell, Rizzio and Darnley are among the characters in the cast, but Queen Elizabeth does not appear.

To round off drama, the Compagnie Roger Planchon, from Paris, will be making their first appearance in Britain and will be seen in M. Planchon's own satirical version of Dumas' *Les Trois Mousquetaires*. To mark the centenary of the birth of Chekov, the Old Vic from London will present one of his plays.

Music and drama are the basis of the Edinburgh Festival. The other Arts will also be represented. Undoubtedly there will be many who go to see the exhibition of German Expressionist Painting sponsored by the Edinburgh Festival Society and arranged by the Arts Council of Great Britain in association with the Scottish Royal Academy. The Late Night Entertainments will include *Beyond the Fringe*, a revue which is to be a combined operation from Oxford and Cambridge. And, of course, beyond the officially sponsored programmes, there will be a wide variety of activities on the Fringe itself.

The Sphere of Travel

THE BERNESE OBERLAND

The Peaks of the Swiss Mountain Range Have for Many Years Been a Favourite British Holiday Centre

By GORDON COOPER

THERE are many attractive mountain ranges in Europe, but I would claim that the most enchanting of them all are the peaks to be found in the Bernese Oberland. Britons for generations have made this part of Switzerland a favourite playground, and there is surely no finer health-giving region anywhere and at all seasons of the year. Just to breathe in the champagne air at one or other of the resorts seems a better tonic than any medicine.

Here you find a district covering an area of some 1,800 square miles in which there is almost everything that even the most romantic holidaymaker could desire. Just to mention a few names, such as Interlaken, Gstaad, Grindelwald, Wengen, Mürren, Adelboden, Kandersteg, the Aletsch glacier, and the Furka, Gemmi, Grimsel and Brunig passes, suffices to prove my point. The diversity of scenery is quite amazing. In the course of a morning you can travel from a sub-tropical countryside, as around Lake Thun, to the region of Alpine plants, and then, 90 minutes later, arrive in time to lunch in a land of snow.

Take again the diversity of interests. What other part of Switzerland could compete against the following list—by no means complete?

At Hilterfingen, on Lake Thun, there is the only inland-water sailing school in Europe.

At the St. Beatus Caves, above Lake Thun, there are stalactite caverns, gigantic chambers, gorges and subterranean waterfalls illuminated by electricity. There is also a reconstruction of a prehistoric dwelling.

At Harder, above Interlaken, in a game reserve, both ibex and marmots can be seen.

In Interlaken, there is mild gambling, opera and theatrical performances of high quality at the Casino. There is also one of the finest views of the mighty Jungfrau.

At Schynige Platte, there is an Alpine garden with over 300 species of flowers, plants and grasses.

At Wengen, there is an electrically-heated open-air pool so that swimmers can enjoy a dip even when snow is on the ground.

At Grindelwald, there are horse-riding excursions.

At Rosenlaui, there is a mountaineering school.

At Brienz, there is a school for wood-carvers.

At the Jungfraujoch, it is possible to ski in mid-summer, and also to go for a dog-drawn sleigh-ride.

At Meiringen, there are the Reichenbach Falls, where Sherlock Holmes fell to his death.

Of the resorts, Interlaken (1,865 ft.), with its sixty hotels, is one of the leading tourist towns in Switzerland. It is a favourite centre for travel agents' groups and is highly organised with excursion facilities. Many people may be happy to stay in one or other of the small places around the nearby lakes of Thun or Brienz. In the case of the former, those on the north shore are sheltered from the prevailing winds and bask in this littoral's self-chosen but appropriate name, the Bernese Riviera. Hilterfingen, Oberhofen and Merligen are Riviera towns, and nearer to Interlaken is Beatenbucht, whence a cable railway will lift you up to the pleasantly-situated Beatenberg. But for those who wish to go on excursions Spiez on the southern bank is most convenient, for it is an important railway junction and the terminus of the scenic M.O.B. (Montreux-Oberland-Bernois Railway).

Gstaad (3,450 ft.) is the most important resort on this line, and its excellent Palace Hotel attracts a fashionable crowd of visitors. Chiefly known for its winter sports, this pleasant village can also be recommended in summer; it is a good base for attractive mountain walks and for easy climbs, and there are eight ski-lifts in the neighbourhood to take you up to the heights. I like, too, its entertainment and evening life, and you should never be bored. For those seeking a quieter place there is nearby Saanen.

Lenk (3,514 ft.) is 8 miles from Zweisimmen (on the M.O.B.), with which it is connected by a branch line. Situated amid pastures and woods, it is a spa with sulphur springs. It is a good base for those who wish to practise on reasonably easy peaks before attempting the giants.

From Spiez the main line to the Simplon passes Kandersteg (3,835 ft.), in its high valley, surrounded by famous peaks. In the neighbourhood are two delightful small lakes: the Oeschinensee and the Blausee, but only the former has an hotel. In Kandersteg itself there is the old-fashioned Hotel Victoria, one of the historic family hostelries of Switzerland, and the resort is particularly attractive in summer to flower-lovers, and there are many easy walks. But my own preference is for Adelboden (4,550 ft.), reached by bus from Frutigen on the main railway line. This is a long picturesque village stretching up the flank of the valley, backed by dark pine woods and looking out toward the heights of the Wildstrubel.

The classic excursion is by chair-lift up the Hahnenmoos, whence there is a superb view, so entrancing that I called to mind some words of Hilaire Belloc's: "Mountains from their heights reveal to us two truths. They suddenly make us feel our insignificance and at the same time they free the immortal mind, and let it feel its greatness, and they release it from the earth." There was another satisfying view from my bedroom in the Nevada Palace Hotel.

From Interlaken (Ost) there is an outstanding electric train trip which from Zweilütschinen travels in two directions, meeting again, however, at Kleine Scheidegg, which lies on a ridge below the Jungfrau and is the starting-point of the Jungfrau Railway, an engineering marvel carved out of the solid rock. One route plods on to Grindelwald, a master point for Alpine climbers and a popular tourist resort. It has majestic mountains and two celebrated glaciers, and it is traversed by a mountain torrent. In spite of its comparatively low altitude (4,450 ft.) it delights skiers, while in summer the valley is gay with flowers.

CRUISING DOWN THE RHINE AND OTHER SERVICES

A new Rhine cruise ship, the m.v. *Europa*, will leave Rotterdam for Basle on her maiden voyage on Sunday, June 5. This will be the largest passenger vessel operating on any river or canal in Europe. Two hundred passengers can be carried and first-class ocean-going service will be provided; cabins with showers and toilets are available and there is a swimming-pool on board. The cost of a round trip, according to cabin, is from £49 to £65 10s., although passengers can embark at intermediate ports or just travel one way. It takes six days upstream from Rotterdam to Basle and four days downstream. Curiously enough, the cost per day upstream is £4 15s., but downstream it is £6 5s. per day; thus the six-day trip from Rotterdam to Basle costs a minimum of £28 10s. and the four-day trip downstream from Basle to Rotterdam costs a minimum of £25.

A new air service from London to Turin, operated by B.E.A., begins on April 17. There will be two flights a week, on Thursdays and Sundays, returning on the same day. Viscounts will be used and a road service is being specially laid on to take passengers to Genoa. This new service opens up possibilities for holidays in quite unspoilt parts of north-western Italy, including such places as Courmayeur, in the Aosta Valley, and, of course, Sestrière, which, besides being a well-known winter-sports resort, is a very attractive spot for a summer holiday.

The Skyways service to Cyprus operating via Turin and Malta has been temporarily suspended. For the time being passengers will be carried by British European Airways.

Holidays in the U.S.S.R. this summer have proved so popular that it has become exceedingly difficult to obtain any further accommodation; indeed Intourist reports that many tours are completely booked up.

Strathpeffer, the famous Scottish Highland spa of the last century, has received a new lease of life. The Pump Room has been reopened, the pavilion entirely redecorated and the Ben Wyvis Hotel modernised with many bathrooms being added. Although at present it does not come under the National Health Service, both chalybeate and sulphur water will be available for drinking. Strathpeffer is more likely to attract holidaymakers than invalids. It is an excellent centre for Easter and Wester Ross.

A daytime, car-carrying train is to be run this summer every Saturday from June 18 to September 10 by British Railways, from Surbiton, Surrey, to Okehampton, in Devon. It will be quite a short journey, trains leaving Surbiton at 8 a.m. and arriving at Okehampton at 12.40 p.m. The return service leaves Okehampton at five minutes to four, arriving in Surbiton at 8.11 p.m. The return fares for car, driver and one passenger, second-class, is £12, and first-class £14 10s. This seems to be a very useful and economical way of reaching Cornwall in one day by car, dinner, bed and breakfast en route being saved. Incidentally, the previous service to Exeter was by freight train, passengers travelling separately. This new service will be by combined train, carrying both passengers and cars. **W.D.C.C.**

THE LAUTERBRUNNEN VALLEY: The view is from Wengen, in the Swiss Bernese Oberland. Lauterbrunnen, "nothing but springs," gets its name from the numerous waterfalls which cascade down the valley's precipitous sides.

Below—

ON THE LAKE OF THUN: The Swiss summer resort of Spiez lies on a small bay of the lake near the foot of the Niesen. Dominating the small harbour is a medieval castle and a twelfth-century church and parsonage.

From Grindelwald's station another electric rail line climbs to Kleine Scheidegg. The alternate route from Zweilütschinen diverges to ascend to Lauterbrunnen (2,625 ft.), whence a cable railway climbs to Mürren (5,413 ft.), which, as far as I am concerned, is the finest beauty spot in Switzerland. I love this village situated on a ledge which overhangs the Lauterbrunnen valley and is squarely opposite the Bernese Alps. Here one feels isolated from the scurry of the larger resorts, able to wander there in spring, summer and autumn in its deep fir forests and its gentian carpets. I lodged last time I was there in the charming Alpina Hotel, and lying in bed I looked out on the mighty Jungfrau. Few mountain resorts attracted more eminent Victorians, including Tennyson, John Addington Symonds and Frederic Harrison. In comparison, Lauterbrunnen (2,625 ft.) is rather disappointing, although it does have many lovely waterfalls in the neighbourhood. The most impressive of these are the Trummelbach Falls, which burst out from a cavernous mouth with tremendous force.

Wengen (4,183 ft.), a rival of Mürren's for tourist popularity, is a pretty village nestling on the slopes of the Scheidegg, while from it there are exceptionally fine views of the Jungfrau and other great mountains.

The climax to any visit to the Bernese Oberland is the ascent of the Jungfrau by the railway. Shortly after leaving Kleine Scheidegg, the train enters a tunnel nearly five miles long, discharging you after an hour's journey at the underground station of the Jungfraujoch (11,342 ft.)—the highest point attained by any railway in Europe. There are three interesting halts on the way: at Eigergletscher, Eigerwand and Eismeer. Time is given to the passengers so that they can alight for a few minutes and enjoy wonderful peeps of the world of ice and snow through open windows cut in the solid rock. One of these views takes in most of northern Switzerland.

At the Jungfraujoch there is a restaurant and hotel, and through the great glass windows of the dining-room there is a startling view. It is best to allow yourself at least two hours on this summit, for there is quite a lot to see, but the altitude makes rapid movement difficult, and if you have a weak heart it is perhaps inadvisable to go there at all. A weather caution is important. If the day is murky, the mountains heavy with clouds, think twice before spending the fairly considerable sum on this Jungfrau Railway, for almost all the way you are in the tunnel and if, at the Joch, you can see nothing except the hotel, your money will have been largely wasted. But the Grindelwald-Scheidegg-Lauterbrunnen circuit is worth taking in any weather, if you cannot wait for a good day. There are food and warm hotels at every halt.

The outstanding sights at the Jungfraujoch are the Aletsch Glacier, 17 miles long and the biggest flow of ice in Europe; the Ice Palace with its skating rink, down below inside the glacier; and the Meteorological Observatory, reached by the Sphynx lift, 370 ft. high. The view from the observation terraces grips one with ecstasy. Here, too, you can go for a sleigh-ride, drawn by polar dogs. But remember that even in mid-summer it can be bitterly cold, so be suitably clothed. Should you have the inclination, various short expeditions can be made from Jungfraujoch to nearby glaciers and passes, but guides are essential. There are also various mountain ascents for the skilled climber; and ski-ing is possible all the year round.

In conclusion, I strongly recommend anyone contemplating a visit to this part of Switzerland to read *The Bernese Oberland*, by Sir Arnold Lunn (Eyre and Spottiswoode), for he has loved the Oberland all his long life and he writes in detail and as a labour of love. He reminds us that May and October are the two loveliest months in the Alps, and I could not prescribe a happier, more congenial book for anyone going there or wishing to renew glad memories of this glorious mountain land.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

Swiss National Tourist Office,
458, Strand, London W.C.2

Maps are an essential for any traveller abroad, but many of them are awkward to handle, especially in a breeze. I am, therefore, delighted with a new idea in practical maps: the Miniplan series issued by Foldex. These maps will fit comfortably into the vest pocket of a lady's handbag. All your travelling needs are catered for, and the principal thoroughfares are clearly indicated. A detailed street index is supplemented by a special index showing attractions, amusements, museums, theatres, etc. Altogether almost everything the tourist wants to know is shown on these small maps. The first map in this series covers Paris, and the selling price is 3s. 6d. It is available in "gift" covers of pigskin, leather or leathercloth. Included in the series are mimi-maps for London and Rome. Obtainable through most good booksellers and map-stockists.

ON THE STAGE AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE IN LONDON: In the title role in Verdi's *Macbeth* Tito Gobbi sings in centre stage. To left is Amy Shuard as Lady Macbeth. The opera, which had never before been performed in London, had its first performance at Covent Garden on Thursday of last week (March 31). Four performances remain to be given this season, on April 11, 14, 16 and 20.

"Macbeth" to Music

The First Performance in London of Verdi's Opera

Verdi once wrote that from his early youth he "read and re-read Shakespeare continually." Few other operatic composers have been so influenced by the poet. Two of Verdi's Shakespeare operas, *Falstaff* and *Othello*, need no introduction to the British public. A third, *Macbeth*, was seen at Glyndebourne in Carl Ebert's production in 1938 and at Oxford in the University Opera Club's performance in 1954. But only now is it having its première in London. It came into the current programme at the Royal Opera House last week for seven performances. Tito Gobbi sings the title role and Amy Shuard is Lady Macbeth. Others in the cast include André Turp as Macduff and Joseph Rouleau and Forbes Robinson alternating as Banquo. The score being used is the 1865 version which Verdi revised from the original which was produced in Florence in 1847. Michael Benthall, Director of the Old Vic, has produced the opera at Covent Garden.

SHAKESPEARIAN MUSICAL TRAGEDY: Macbeth leans on his sword in a scene in the opera. Verdi's *Macbeth* was first performed in Florence in 1847. Eighteen years later he revised the work for production at the Théâtre Lyrique, in Paris. This is the version being given now at Covent Garden.

THE DAGGER SCENE: Macbeth is encouraged to his crime by Lady Macbeth. The conductors at the Royal Opera House are Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, from Italy, and Edward Downes (for the last three performances).

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

Cotton Gets Money to Cut Down

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

AMONG the quite large and growing queue of British industries that is now forming up to collect assistance of one kind or another from the Government, there is only one that is being given the money specifically to help it do less of what it has been doing. And it is slightly ironical that the timing of the Government's plan to cut the Lancashire cotton industry down to size should have coincided last summer with quite a marked upturn in business for the industry, so that some of the mills that their owners were deciding last summer whether to close down, with Government compensation, became unusually busy during this last year of their operating life. Not many people in Lancashire, however, were tempted by the sudden flush of business which began with one hot summer, to think that the cotton industry can do without reorganisation—or to keep spindles and looms in business this year that the Government was prepared to pay them to scrap.

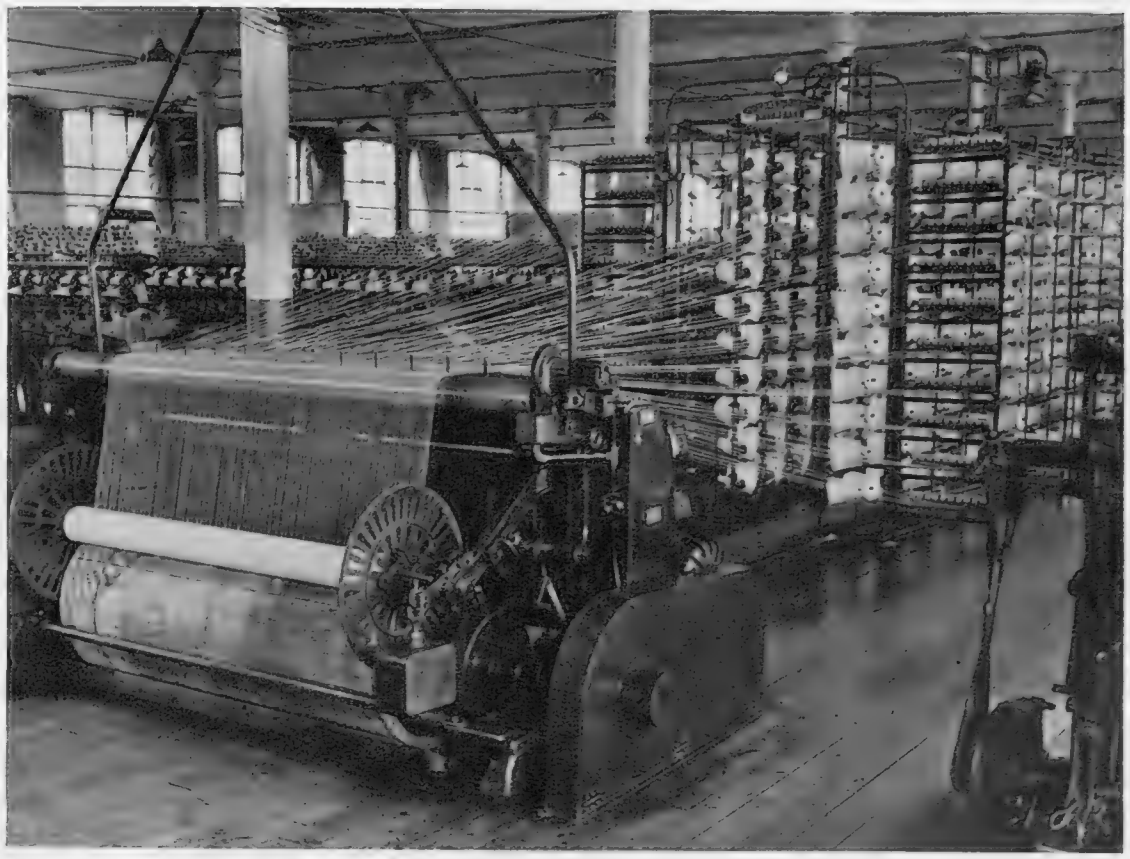
By last week, therefore, Lancashire was coming to the end of a vast dismantling operation. No fewer than 12,444,000 "mule equivalent" spindles (one reckons spinning equipment in terms of the older mule spinning frames), plus 15,092 carding engines; 571,000 spindles in the doubling section of the industry; and 104,747 looms in the weaving mills—this vast bank of equipment had been or was being scrapped. In terms of numbers of machines in existence, this represented about half the spindles in Lancashire spinning, a third of the spindles in doubling, and two-fifths of the looms in weaving.

For every spindle that it takes out of operation, each cotton firm will receive about 15s. in compensation from the Government; for every loom, about £66. With similar arrangements for equipment in other sections, the Government will be paying mill-owners some £11,000,000 to carry out this major surgical operation upon their industrial capacity. While mill-owners still in business will be contributing another £5,500,000 to this compensation.

So far as Lancashire's capacity for production is concerned, moreover, mere figuring tends to exaggerate the reduction that has actually taken place. For quite a number of the spindles and looms that have qualified for compensation under the Government's scrapping scheme were, in fact, in April last year, when it was announced, already standing idle. The Cotton Board has estimated that when dismantling is completed, the capacity of the industry will be down by only about 20 per cent. compared with the number of machines actually running last year. Its estimate was made to reassure customers who feared that this Government-assisted shrinkage of the business might be used by the mill-owners remaining in business to push up prices against them. Many of the machines left are being worked two or three shifts a day; output of yarn and cloth is now higher than a year ago.

It was, in fact, a matter of prices, last year, that precipitated the immediate crisis in the industry and led to Government action. The cotton spinners were one of the first sections of industry in Britain to have their minimum price scheme examined by the newly set-up Restrictive Practices Court; and the Court found that the scheme operated against the public interest. The master cotton spinners had to abandon it; though the many other agreements to keep prices at or above minimum levels in Lancashire did not come before the Court, the industry realised that few of them had any chance of surviving its scrutiny unchanged; a large number were abandoned forthwith. Effectively, the floor fell out from under prices in Lancashire.

Another decision taken outside the industry, again, sharpened the issue: the Government decided finally that it could not impose any tariff protection on cotton cloth coming from India, Pakistan or Hong Kong. These Commonwealth producers of cotton goods share the advantages of cheap labour and comparatively efficient machinery (in mills built long after most of Lancashire's), that other Asian producers, such as Japan and recently Communist China, are deploying effectively to compete with British mills in the world's markets for cotton goods. But with Britain's responsibilities towards the Commonwealth, and particularly towards the less developed parts of it, the Government could hardly impose the same duties or quotas upon these rapidly developing cotton producers as it does upon those outside the Commonwealth. As a result, not only have India, Pakistan and Hong Kong been making further inroads upon Lancashire's dwindling export markets; in recent years they have broken into the British home market on a large scale, not merely with "grey" cloth for further processing here, but with made-up cotton garments. In 1958, for the first time, Lancashire imported more cotton cloth than it exported.



COTTON SPINNING: At the Lancashire mills of Horrockses Spinners and Manufacturers Ltd., cones of warp threads are drawn together on a warper's beam (foreground). *Right*—In the previous stage, bobbins of thread are made on the winding machine into cones, giving a longer continuous thread.

The industry's plight, therefore, after years of decline, was being exacerbated by governmental or semi-governmental policies. (Triumphantly expanding industries such as motors, it is worth noting, are still protected in this country by duties of 27 per cent. even on Commonwealth [e.g., Canadian] cars, against the free entry allowed to Commonwealth cotton goods; and some of the expanding industries, also, have yet to have their own price arrangements examined by the Restrictive Practices Court.) The Government has done something on both counts. It backed the Lancashire mill-owners in negotiating with their opposite numbers in India, Pakistan and Hong Kong to accept voluntary limitations upon the amount of cotton goods that they would sell in Britain. These voluntary quotas were not nearly as low as the Lancashire men would have wished, but they offered at least some protection. The Government then came forward with the reorganisation scheme.

This scheme offered the industry financial help in cutting out its dead wood quickly, once and for all; it also offered some assistance for grafting on healthy new branches. For the compensation for scrapping of equipment is backed by a subsidy for re-equipment with modern machinery. The Government will make a grant of 25 per cent. of the cost of any new equipment put into Lancashire mills between July last year and July 1962; when one reckons this in addition to the 20 per cent. investment allowance that all British industry now receives on any new capital equipment in which it invests, the assistance can be counted as fairly generous. Only Lancashire's willingness to invest in what remains a somewhat chancy industry can decide how much of a call is made on the public purse for this more hopeful element in the cotton subsidies; but experts in the trade have guessed that it may reach about £20,000,000.

Few people in the industry are expecting any miraculous transformation in Lancashire's fortunes from this exercise in rationalisation; but most will agree that it was overdue, and that it offers the industry a better chance to come to terms with its reduced circumstances. The chances of expansion in its export trade are probably past; the manufacture of cotton goods is one of the industrial activities that almost any underdeveloped country can begin to do for itself quite quickly. Some Lancashiremen, indeed, feel that the great strength in the export market now enjoyed by Japan, India, and to-morrow perhaps by China, will itself pass more quickly than Lancashire's did; more and more cheap cotton goods will tend to be made in the country where they are consumed, and only the higher-quality cotton goods will manage to retain a small-scale export trade.

If cotton industries have to become dependent upon their home markets, there is something to be said for having a rich one; and Lancashire has some hopes that the proportion of the British people's growing income spent upon clothing and textiles can offer it expansion at home to offset continued decline abroad. In recent years that proportion has been declining; but there is nothing immutable about such a decline, and given sufficient sales promotion the British people can perhaps be induced to spend more on clothes—particularly lightweight clothes. The present concentration upon buying durable goods as one's income rises is still, after all, a matter of initial expansion in the durable markets; once every British home has its car, as well as its battery of machines chock-a-block in the kitchen, the housewife and her husband may be tempted to spend more upon their appearance. In company with the synthetic textile industries—and there is little doubt that cotton's future will become more bound up with nylon, Terylene, and the other synthetics—there should still be a way for Lancashire to earn a fairly good living.

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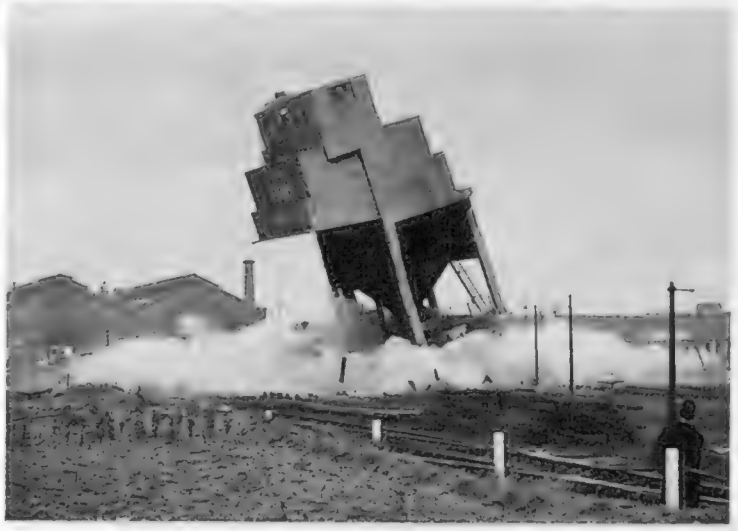
BRITAIN'S FIRST CIRCULAR HOTEL

The Ariel is a three-storey hotel which is being built on the Bath Road on the outskirts of London Airport. It is expected to be finished and open to travellers by Christmas. There will be 102 double and 84 single rooms. In the interior well, formed by the circular building, there will be a paved courtyard and a landscape garden. The hotel, which is to cost £500,000, is being built for the Palace Hotel Limited (a subsidiary of the Strand Hotel Limited), by Myton Limited (a member of the Taylor Woodrow Group). Work started in June 1959, and at last week's "topping-out" ceremony Mr. J. Hanson, chairman of Myton's, said that building was already three weeks ahead of schedule. The architects are Russell Diplock Associates, and the consulting engineers R. L. Bourqui and Partners. The picture *on the left* shows the interior of the building looking up from the ground floor. All the drainage services shown will eventually be encased in a false ceiling. The building itself is supported by 34 outer columns and 17 inner columns. It will be 50 ft. high.

REMODELLING AND RECONSTRUCTION

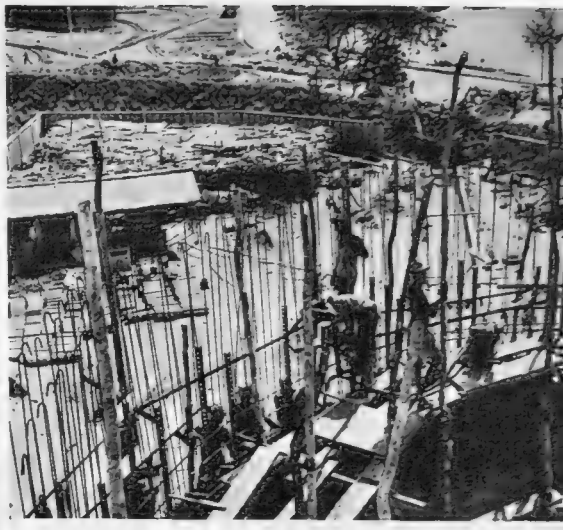
On right—

At Peterborough, on the Great Northern main line of the Eastern Region, work is now in progress on a scheme of remodelling and reconstruction. At present, the railway facilities are unsuited to the demands of a growing town, and it is well known that the need for improving the passenger station and eliminating the restrictive curves of the line has been considered for many years. But it has not been possible until recently to prepare comprehensive plans to provide Peterborough with the most up-to-date railway installations in the country. One of the first tasks to be tackled in the reconstruction at Peterborough (North) involved the demolition of a prominent landmark at the Spital Motive Power Depot. This was the huge mechanical coaling plant which stood on four massive legs. On a recent Sunday arrangements were made to demolish the structure with explosives.



EXPLOSION AT PETERBOROUGH: Clouds of dust and smoke rise from the ground as the charges are fired and the coaling plant collapses. *Below*—The pile of rubble after the explosion. The cost of the reconstruction at Peterborough has been estimated at more than £5,500,000.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*



A CEMENT-PACKING PLANT IN DAR ES SALAAM

A £130,000 cement-packing plant being built in the Dar es Salaam port area, Tanganyika, will enable cement brought by sea from Kenya to be packed for local consumption. It is also the forerunner of a £1,000,000 cement factory which the newly-formed Tanganyika Portland Cement Company hopes to establish in the Territory, if adequate deposits of suitable limestone can be found. *Above*—Workmen are engaged in the construction of one of the three huge storage silos at the cement-packing plant. *Left*—Labourers dig a trench to take an underground pipeline that will carry cement pumped from the holds of a specially-constructed ship to the silos. *Below*—The silos are 56 ft. high. The three will hold altogether 4,000 tons of cement. Cement will be transported to Dar es Salaam from the British Standard Portland Cement Company's factory at Bamburi, near Mombasa, in a ship, carrying 2,400 tons in a single voyage. Equipment in the plant will enable the cement to be packed in bags at the rate of 1,200 an hour. It is expected that the plant will be in operation by the end of August. The project is being backed by the Amalgamated Roadstone Corporation, London, and the Cementia Holding A.G. of Switzerland.

EARTH AND ROCK EXCAVATIONS ON THE DONCASTER BY-PASS

A specially designed Holman mobile drilling rig (foreground) drills the rock before blasting during the construction of the Doncaster By-pass, a feeder motorway at the northern end of the London-Yorkshire Motorway. *Right*—Two of the mobile drilling rigs are used in muddy conditions before the blasting of a drainage channel on the west side of the by-pass. The Cubitts-Fitzpatrick-Shand consortium (formed by Holland & Hannen and Cubitts Ltd.; Fitzpatrick and Son (Contractors) Ltd.; and Lehane, Mackenzie and Shand Ltd.) are responsible for the 12½ mile West Riding section of the contract. The use of highly mechanised methods has put the work well ahead of schedule. In the contract over 1,000,000 cub. yards of rock have to be excavated. To avoid steep gradients the motorway will have cuttings up to 40 ft. deep and embankments over 50 ft. high. After a series of drilling trials, it was decided to use Holman Silver Three drills—a 48-lb. drill which was used in the world tunnelling record advance of 557 ft. in a week. These are mounted on specially adapted versions of Holman tractor-mounted Vole drills. The mobile rig combines a tractor, a front-mounted compressor and a boom which is attached to the rear of the track and supports the drill.

The World of Books

A Hard Road to Stardom

The Autobiography of June Havoc; Two Books of Travel Experiences; Nelson's Ménage à Trois; Early Days of Steamships; Nevil Shute's Posthumous Novel Leads This Week's Fiction

THE autobiography of the week is the story of a young American woman, now a sparkling, pretty and exceptionally intelligent film star, who started life with many of the classic ingredients which, we are told, go to the making of juvenile delinquents, such as a broken home, extreme poverty and a haphazard existence, but still managing to remain, throughout her youth, sane, reasonably clean, independent and spirited. Miss June Havoc was two years old when she made her professional debut in vaudeville as a prodigy toe dancer. To-day she is—and certainly deserves to be—in the big money in Hollywood. Between her beginnings and her present affluence lies one of the most hair-raising stories of what could lightly be called a mis-spent youth, urged on, when she was able to command a good salary, by a fanatic mother and cynically abandoned when loss of employment and a horrifyingly early marriage seemed to shift the responsibility, and the gain.

CRY HAVOC (Hutchinson. 21s.) is the tale of this existence, lived peripatetically in run-down lodgings and on the brink of starvation, except for widely-spaced feasts of "actor's stew," a concoction which she early learned could be made with rejected vegetables and a stone which would look enough like a bone to convince casual guests. It can be said that her mother worked hard at this period to get engagements for her daughter. It can also be added that the same mother would apply the child's make-up and send her out to work with the words: "There 's my trouper. Nobody could guess by looking at you that your temperature is 103."

As the book closes, Miss Havoc is hitching a ride to Florida in a farm truck, which she shares with the farmer and his prize blue boar. She is on her way to take part in one of those hideous phenomena of the day, a dance marathon. She is completely alone, broke and separated from her husband, chiefly because, in the days of the Big Depression, they think they can find work more easily apart. She is just fourteen years old. For humour, candour, horror and sheer courage, this life story would be hard to beat.

The next two books of travel experiences give one a kind of literary breather after the violence and brutal impact of the last. Mr. Leonard Wibberley has written as a good Irishman living in California with a wife, four children, a baby on the way and a basic itch for travel, about a journey to Portugal and a stay of many months there in a small village, complete with family, soon numbering seven in all, a much-battered car, a bad-tempered dog and a rather sketchy income. NO GARLIC IN THE SOUP (Faber. 15s.) is not one of those books in which opaque and plushy curtains are drawn over all the uncomfortable and hazardous aspects of foreign travel. On the contrary, in spite of Mr. Wibberley's good-humoured manner, he has not set out to produce an incentive to immediate packing and flitting on the reader's part. But he tells a charmingly human story and teaches us a great deal about a country which he and his heroic wife learned to appreciate and admire.

RANDOM JOURNEYS (Peter Owen. 18s.) is a slighter affair: a volume of travel sketches in which Lady Vyvyan describes journeys which she has made to orthodox and far from orthodox spots, like the Arctic Circle, Oslo. Stockholm and, most successful of all, Helsinki. The oddest journey, and certainly the one least expected by the author, was to the Oxus River, whither she planned to travel with an enthusiastic Canadian acquaintance, spurred on by a girlhood memory of Matthew Arnold's famous poem. As Lady Vyvyan explains, she first read the poem some fifty years ago and we can therefore understand that such an undertaking required more than usual stamina and optimism. It is sad to report, and must have been immensely disappointing for the intrepid travellers, that a crisis in Iraq and the Lebanon made them switch to the northerly route which is described with such grace and reflective appreciation in the body of the book.

Mr. Oliver Warner, who has already produced a *Portrait of Lord Nelson*, has now given us a study of EMMA HAMILTON AND SIR WILLIAM (Chatto and Windus. 25s.), which, very naturally and indeed inevitably, makes mention of that great hero and incalculable man. Mr. Warner's thesis is that no complete picture of Nelson and his relations with Emma can be gained without considering the other figure in that extraordinary *ménage à trois*, and in the present book he has drawn what is to all intents and purposes a portrait of Hamilton himself, antiquarian (it was he who bought the Portland Vase for a thousand pounds), statesman and connoisseur, with a versatile passion for sport, for art and for volcanoes! I found Mr. Warner's book quite delightful and with much fresh matter for consideration, whether or not one is a student of the period.

Sir James Bisset is an ex-Commodore of the Cunard Line and has been a sailor from boyhood when he went to sea in a three-masted barque and served six years in sail, with four voyages round Cape Horn. His new volume of autobiography is TRAMPS AND LADIES (Angus and Robertson. 25s.) and in it Sir James writes of his early days in steamers, proving once again that the story of a distinguished sailor's life is bound to reflect the progress and the tragedies of ships and seamanship as a whole. The book opens with the author's joining his first steamer as Third Mate in 1905, and closes with his training as First Lieutenant in the R.N.R. in 1913. In between it is a tale of life at sea that is second to none in its drama, its moments of humour and, above all, its vast authority. Sir James was in the *Carpathia* when she steamed to the rescue of the *Titanic* survivors, and tells the story unforgettably. He has collaborated in the writing of the book with Mr. P. R. Stephensen and the result is most emphatically to be recommended, with the sole and lamentable exception of the lack of any index.

"FOLLOW THAT GIRL": In a scene from the new musical by Julian Slade and Dorothy Reynolds at the Vaudeville Theatre, in London, Walter Miskin, R.A. (Newton Blick), a Victorian painter, carefully adjusts the pose of his wife, Cora (Marion Grimaldi). Although *Follow That Girl* was not greeted with the same enthusiasm as its famous predecessor *Salad Days*, it has much the same inconsequential charm. The heroine, Victoria (Susan Hampshire), is a Victorian miss running away from her suitors, pursued by the hero, Tom (Peter Gilmore).

I never anticipated the day when it would make me sad to read or to write a review of a book by Nevil Shute, but now that day has come, simply because this is the last novel we shall ever have from the hand of this much-cherished writer. That sorrow aside, there is nothing but happiness to report for, in TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM (Heinemann. 16s.), completed just before his death, Nevil Shute wrote his best novel of all. It is touching, it is thrilling, it has his inimitable technical magic and, all through the book, is an evocation, sometimes of friendship, sometimes of love, which, even in his wartime *Pastoral*, was never so clear or bright.

The hero of the story is a little man, quiet in conduct, rather shabby and slow to reach a decision. He is, nevertheless, in his own small way a kind of a genius, and this genius lies in the exquisite precision of his model engineering to which, since his decision to retire as a toolroom fitter, he now devotes his life. Through his work, through his contributions to the *Miniature Mechanic*, and through his world-wide and painstaking correspondence, he is a considerable figure in his chosen, restricted world. His sister, humbly born like himself, has married into another world, and when she and her naval officer husband die in a Pacific storm he is left as trustee to their little daughter, alone with the knowledge that the child's small fortune exists, in the form of unset diamonds, welded into the concrete ballast of the wrecked yacht on a Pacific reef.

He sets out to cross the world and retrieve the fortune. The outcome would be sensational if the man were of a kind to recognise sensationalism. Blessedly he is not and his mission is accomplished with less fanfare than a rewarding visit to a local auction. He has achieved the child's security and the type of life that he desires, modest and monotonous as it might seem. The last line of the novel reads: "He is perfectly, supremely happy." I know that I will not soon forget this best of all novels by Nevil Shute.

And now for two out-and-out sea books, one Scots, one American. THE LISA BASTIAN (Hutchinson. 13s. 6d.) is Mr. James Wood's tale about North Sea trawlers and about the dangers, not only from the savage weather, which may beset the skipper of such a craft. Wonderfully authentic and exciting in an appropriately tough manner. DARK SEA RUNNING (Secker and Warburg. 15s.), by Mr. George P. Morrill, is more ambitious in its form, the story of wartime convoys being successively told by various members of a tanker's company, but it is far from pretentious and has a stark effectiveness obviously the fruit of personal knowledge.

CAPTAIN CAT (Michael Joseph. 15s.), a novel about boy soldiers who join the Army for training at

Most French of Frenchmen

A Study of General de Gaulle

It is more or less inevitable that a life of General Charles de Gaulle, that most single-minded of men, written at this moment in the floodtide of his great career, should be a rather dull affair. The General, despite the fact that he is so much in the public eye, has erected around both his public and private life a barrier of anonymity which very few people are able to pierce, and certainly not Brigadier Stanley Clark who, in writing THE MAN WHO IS FRANCE (Harrap. 15s.), is obviously hampered by lack of contact with his hero. De Gaulle was born at Lille on November 22, 1890, the son of Henri de Gaulle, the soldier turned teacher, who never quite forgot his military career. The household was one of planned frugality, unpretentious and a little austere, and the habits that Charles acquired then have never left him in his married life.

What does emerge most emphatically is that Henri de Gaulle tutored his son in the service his family and his forbears gave to France down the century, and also in the lives of the great men who had left their mark upon the nation's life. Each major phase in de Gaulle's career is touched upon in this comparatively brief biography; but at no point does the story really come alive. The whims and foibles of a Churchill or a Roosevelt are not, it seems evident, part of General de Gaulle's life, a life dedicated to one steadfast purpose, the glory of France and the extolling of her leadership. Some day perhaps someone will pierce the veil, and we shall have a biography worthy of this Frenchman; maybe not until his contribution is seen in perspective, when, often ambiguous in words, nearly always decisive in action, this man's career has run its full and remarkable course.

Robert Allerton Parker, in A FAMILY OF FRIENDS (Museum Press. 27s. 6d.), has produced what might best be termed the case history of a family of American Quakers who migrated to Europe and, in this counter-movement to the current westward trend, left an indelible mark upon the English scene. Robert Pearsall Smith, the quiet and successful American merchant, and his wife settled in Surrey in the 70's of the last century, and from the very first they throve in intellectual society and were among the leading protagonists of the Higher Thought. Mr. Parker has written a witty and evocative biography. The chapter on Duveen, the international art salesman, and Bernard Berenson is most entertaining. The author sums up by saying that the transatlantic Smiths were the forerunners of a new generation of American expatriates, the elite of what Santayana has described as "an international intelligentsia adrift amid unsuspected currents and wrecked, one by one, on the reefs of El Dorado."

Pierre Berton, who spent twelve years of his life in Dawson City, is the first man to have taken the story of Klondike and knit it into a single, complete and dramatic narrative. KLONDIKE (W. H. Allen. 30s.) begins some twenty years before the great gold strike that lured the world to the Yukon. The author tells of the first wanderers who broke into the Alaska-Yukon territory in search of the gold that everyone suspected was there in vast abundance. When the great strike did come, it took eleven months for the news to penetrate to the outside world, driving a continent to madness. The rush was

A FAVOURITE ITALIAN OPERA AT SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE: *Left*—Charles Craig sings Cavaradossi in *Tosca*. *Right*—He is in a scene with Marie Collier, who has the title-role. The new production of Puccini's opera at Sadler's Wells is by Dennis Arundell. The sets are by Paul Mayo and costumes are designed by Beatrice Dawson. Colin Davis conducts.

Puccini's *Tosca*, based on Sardou's play of the same name, is one of the most popular of operas. The plot is concerned with romance, tragedy, political intrigue, torture, attempted seduction, murder and suicide. The music is some of the composer's finest. The fourth Sadler's Wells production, first seen last week, will have had four performances when the current season ends on April 16. The previous productions were in 1931, 1940 and 1946. Dennis Arundell, who directed the last production, is responsible for the new version. Singing their respective roles for the first time are Julian Moyle as Angelotti, the political prisoner, and Peter Glossop, the evil Scarpia who is murdered, but after his death has his revenge on Tosca and her lover, Cavaradossi.

A NEW PRODUCTION OF "TOSCA" IN LONDON

THE VILLAINOUS CHIEF OF POLICE: Peter Glossop, as Baron Scarpia, bends over Marie Collier (Tosca) and Charles Craig (Cavaradossi) in the torture scene. Marie Collier is guest artist for this production. Peter Glossop is singing the role of Scarpia for the first time. Charles Craig appeared as Cavaradossi in the previous Sadler's Wells production on tour.

(*Continued from previous page*)

the age of fifteen, is a powerful, original and compassionate piece of work and the compassion is an integral part of it in spite of the passages of brutality and squalor which mark the story's development. Mr. Robert Holles, who himself joined the Army in these circumstances, knows what he is writing about it and has contrived a more than slightly hair-raising but utterly credible account of the impact of such a life on a group of very differently equipped youths.

From America comes THE ALTERNATE CASE (Cassell. 16s.), a documentary novel as it is described, by Mr. Joseph F. Dinneen, the author of *Anatomy of a Crime* and a well-known crime reporter himself. Based on fact but presented as fiction with imaginative differences, this is an absorbing book although its author's insistence on the minutiæ of police and courtroom procedure prevent it from being an exciting one.

Sholom Aleichem, who died more than forty years ago, was one of the greatest of Jewish writers and the qualities which most clearly marked his work, apart from his acute sense of observation, were his compassion and his humour. He began to write at an early age and writing became his life, winning him world-wide recognition. STORIES AND SATIRES (Yoseloff. 35s.) is a collection of selected pieces, playlets and tales, thoughtfully and intelligently translated by Mr. Curt Leviant into what he describes as "American English" from the original Yiddish. The vitality of this volume is almost overwhelming, but it does give an impression, even to readers who are unfamiliar with Sholom Aleichem's writings, of immense love of life, spiced with a little fine irony.

Vernon Fane

followed by scenes of lawlessness, misery and starvation. How the town of Dawson ran wild for a year, then burnt itself out is a dramatic story. We can be grateful to this talented author for the way in which he has marshalled the facts and made a very real contribution to our knowledge of modern American history.

Before many years are past we shall doubtless have as many accounts of what happened on D-Day as we have biographies of Napoleon Buonaparte. Latest in the series is Cornelius Ryan's THE LONGEST DAY (Gollancz. 21s.), and from the point of view of the human angle it is quite the best so far. Mr. Ryan's book is not military history, but the story of people, the men of the allied forces and the enemy they fought. *The Longest Day* is clearly the fruit of most extensive research, and the book gains vastly over all its rivals in that the author's researches have enabled him to give a very clear picture of the German side of D-Day.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS HARD (Max Parrish. 17s. 6d.) is a symposium of the humour of H. F. Ellis, from the pages of *Punch*, *The New Yorker* and other publications. Farce, parody, literary and social comment and a too brief glimpse of that supremely incompetent schoolmaster, A. J. Wentworth, B.A., adorn these lively and delightful pages.

JUNGLE PILOT (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.) is by Russell T. Hitt, who tells the story of Nate Saint, the man whose inventive genius made possible the remarkable mission to the Auca Indians of the Ecuador jungle in 1956. Nate Saint made the first difficult landing in Auca territory. His courage and achievement make an inspiring narrative of twentieth-century missionary work.

R. C. E.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY TOWN HOUSE

A Mansion in Soho Will Be Open to the Public This Week

Standing on the corner of Soho Square and Greek Street, in London, is an eighteenth-century mansion with a plain brick exterior, which is probably the best surviving example of the town houses of noblemen and rich merchants which once made up this area. The building is occupied by the House of St. Barnabas-in-Soho, a charitable organisation founded in 1846 to help the destitute and homeless poor in London. The charity moved to its present home in 1862. After a period during which restoration work has been carried out on the interior, with the help of money from the Pilgrim Trust and Ministry of Works, the mansion is to be open to the public on two days a week from April 14. The house, No. 1, Greek Street, was built about 1746. From 1754 until his death in 1756, the house was occupied by Richard Beckford, Prime Warden of the Goldsmiths' Company in 1755 and uncle of the author of *Vathek*. In the plasterwork of the Council Room is the griffin of the City of London arms. This was permissible since Richard Beckford was an Alderman of the City.

THE LAVISH INTERIOR OF AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY TOWN HOUSE: The Council Room on the first floor of the House of St. Barnabas, in Soho, on the corner of Soho Square and Greek Street, in London, contains splendid rococo plasterwork. *Left* is the ceiling of the room. Executed in the style originally introduced by Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren, the plaster was probably modelled about 1754 by Italian craftsmen.

THE STAIRCASE AND CHAPEL: The elaborate balustrade is of decorative ironwork and leads to the Council Room. These parts of the house have recently been restored. *Left*—The chapel of the House of St. Barnabas was designed in 1863 by Joseph Clarke in an early French Gothic style. It is open to the public.

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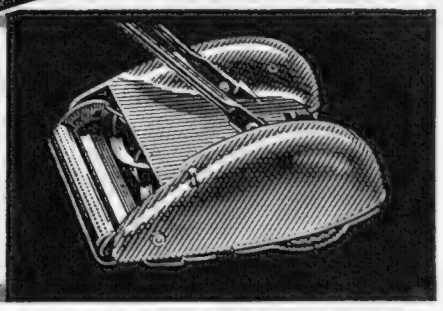

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GENERALS LEARN THEIR HOMEWORK

An Army Resettlement Course in Household Maintenance

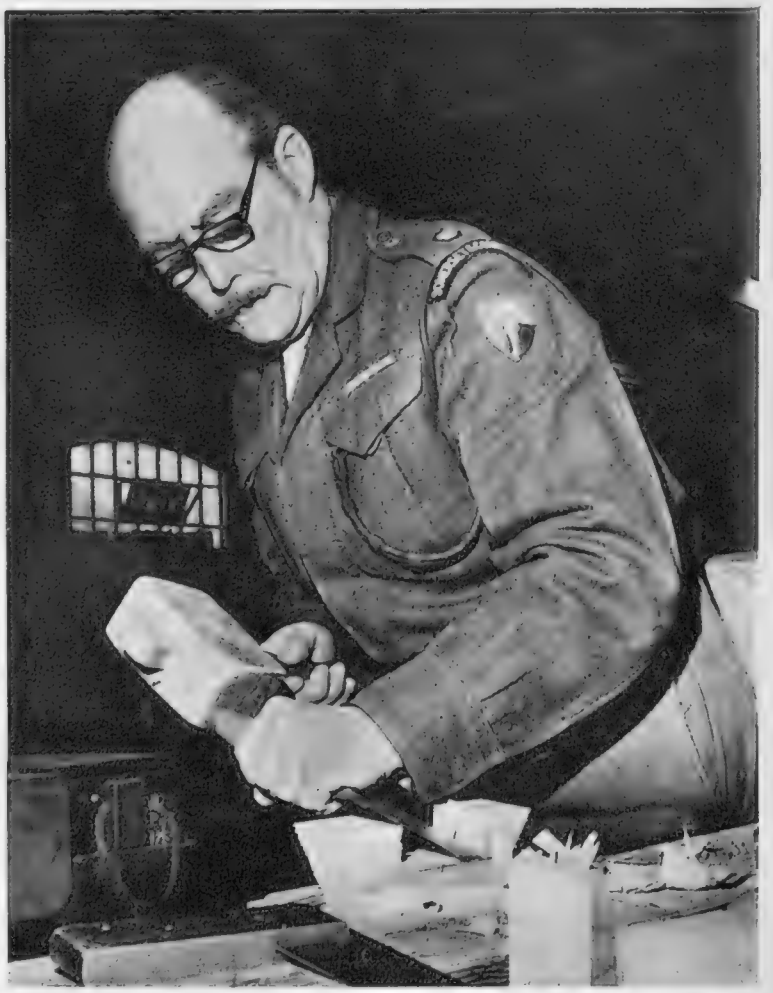
PLASTERING: Major-General Sir William G. Roe (left) and Major-General Sir Henry H. C. Sugden are hard at work learning the craft during a resettlement course in household maintenance at No. 2 Higher Education Centre at Aldershot.

On right—

PAINTING AND DECORATING: Major H. R. Taylor-Whitehead, of the 9th Lancers, who has been in the Army for twenty-two years, uses a blowlamp to burn paint off a door in one of the courses at the Aldershot Higher Education Centre.

THE GENERALS DO IT THEMSELVES: Major-General Sir William Roe (left), Director of Supplies and Transport at the War Office, and Major-General Sir Henry Sugden, Engineer-in-Chief, War Office, practise cementing a wall face. They are members of a group of 39 soldiers, including two brigadiers, eight colonels, 16 majors and captains, and 11 other ranks on a month-long resettlement course in household maintenance. Another 45 are taking short courses in skilled trades. Both major-generals, who are due to retire, made no secret of the fact that they simply wanted to be more useful at home. Major-General Roe has a list of jobs waiting to be done at his home in Kent, compiled by Lady Roe. These include building a garden shed and a coal-bunker, laying a floor, and boarding the inside of a garage. At the education centre, there are intensive "sample" and refresher courses which include motor and general engineering, wood machining, welding, brick-laying and plastering.

BRICKLAYING: Checking the level of the stone with a spirit-level are Staff-Sergeant V. Lovell, of the Royal Engineers (left), and Brigadier H. L. Lewis, of the Royal Signals, who has thirty-three years' service in the Army. Thousands of officers and other ranks have been on the courses.



WOODWORKING: Major Arthur Swayne, taking the woodwork course, uses a chisel and wooden mallet, to cut out part of a joint. Besides the resettlement courses, there are a number of other courses in skilled trades.

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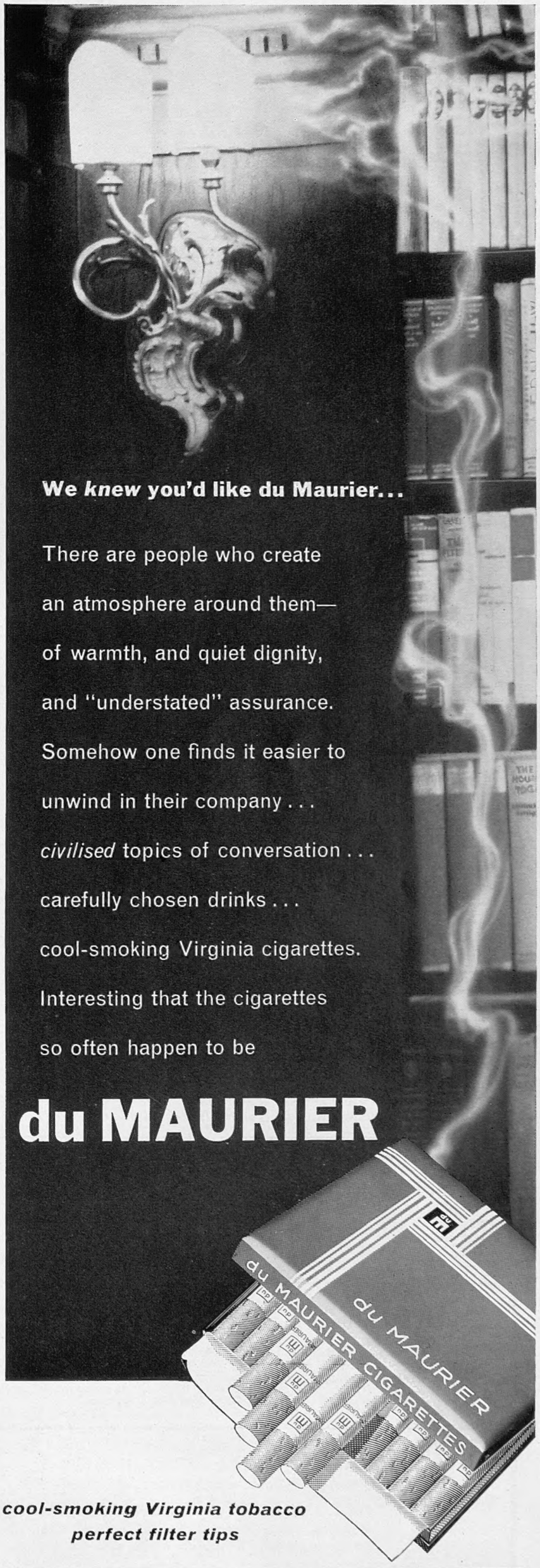

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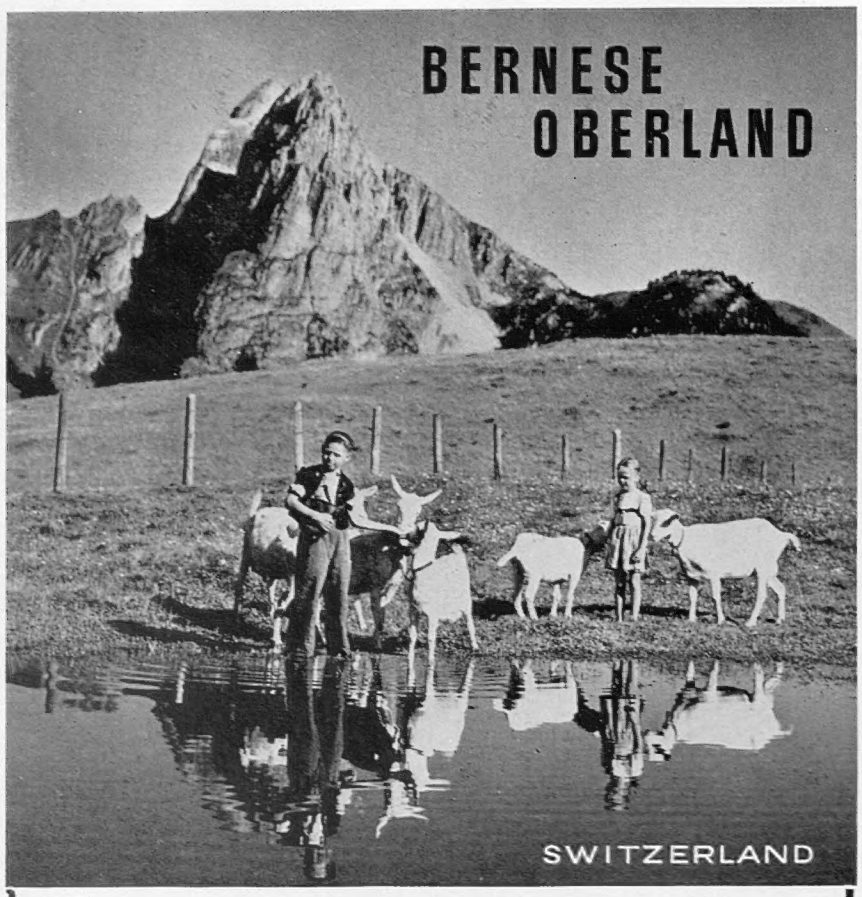

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

BOURNEMOUTH IS BOUNTIFUL. I used this caption some years back in this column and it is more than ever appropriate to-day. An all-the-year-round resort, she has grown in under a hundred years from a population of 695 to 141,100. True, this includes Boscombe and a host of smaller places which in the course of time have been absorbed in this county borough, but it does not include Canford Cliffs, Sandbanks, Parkstone and other smaller fry, which are all in Dorset and are incorporated in the ancient borough and port of Poole.

So indivisible are her boundaries with Poole that holidaymakers and residents tend to use the name of Bournemouth for the whole of that delectable sandy coastline, from Bournemouth Pier westwards to Sandbanks and eastwards to Boscombe and Southbourne.

Bournemouth is bountiful in that she caters for all ages at all times, and she offers an abundance of hotel accommodation covering every type. I can vouch for the cross-section of hotels in Bournemouth and the New Forest whose announcements appear on this page, for I have revisited them all in recent weeks.

Bournemouth, unlike resorts such as Brighton and Eastbourne, has no set front. She has grown up around her picturesque chines—deep, pine-clad ravines dissecting the cliff face—so you will find hotels overlooking Boscombe and Alum Chines, at Canford Cliffs overlooking Sandbanks and Poole Harbour, and a number advertised on the East or West Cliffs, which are general terms for the east and west side of the Square and Pavilion Gardens which mark the centre of the town.

Wherever you may stay an excellent service of Corporation and Hants and Dorset buses link up one point with another and, as Bournemouth, in common with other towns, has its traffic problems, public locomotion will be found preferable to using one's own car.

On the other hand, a car is of great value for individual exploration of the New Forest, for which Bournemouth makes an excellent base.

Conversely, the New Forest provides a series of pivotal points from which to take advantage of Bournemouth's many activities and amenities.

So, to guide the prospective visitor wishful of seeing or staying in a wooded district which is far from new in name, here in gazetteer form are my recommendations:

BROCKENHURST—well set with the New Forest all around, plus the added advantage of a station on the main London/Southampton/Bournemouth line, with good services in each direction (Bournemouth 20 miles). Recommended hotels:

Balmer Lawn. 3 stars. 46 rooms. 17 private bathrooms. Inclusive terms from 42/- to 70/- a day. B.B. 33/- to 47/6. Tel.: 3116.

The Rose and Crown Inn. 2 stars. 11 bedrooms. Inclusive terms 9 to 12 gns. B.B. 21/- to 25/-. Tel.: 2225.

BURLEY—a picturesque village tucked away 'twixt the two main roads A.31 and 35. Well worth the detour. Recommended hotel:

Burley Manor Hotel. 3 stars. 27 bedrooms. Inclusive terms 12 to 16 gns. B.B. 25/- to 35/-. Tel.: 3114. (Bournemouth 14 miles.)

FERNDOWN—on the edge of the New Forest and a gateway to Bournemouth (8 miles). Excellent 18-hole golf course adjoining our recommended hotel:

The Dormy. 4 stars. 45 rooms (30 private bathrooms). B.B. from 33/-. Tel.: 775.

HINTON ST. MICHAEL. Recommended hotel:

East Close. On the Christchurch/Lyndhurst road (Bournemouth 10 miles). 13 bedrooms. W.T. 10 to 15½ gns. B.B. 22/6 to 29/6. Tel.: Bransgore 404.

LYNDHURST. Unofficial capital of the New Forest, for here in the old King's House the centuries' old Forest Courts are held (Bournemouth 20 miles). Recommended hotels:

The Crown. 3 stars. On the main road. 40 bedrooms. Inclusive terms 10 to 18 gns. B.B. from 25/-. Tel.: 13.

Parkhill. 3 stars. 1 mile out off the Beaulieu road. Well suited for holidays or winter residence. Inclusive terms from 8 to 14 gns., according to season. B.B. 19/6 to 38/-. Tel.: 111.

LYMINGTON—a waterside town of approximately 23,000, where the car ferry runs to Yarmouth, Isle of Wight. (Bournemouth 17 miles.) Recommended hotel:

Passford House. 20 rooms. 5 private bathrooms. About 2 miles out in the Forest with riding stables attached. 2-star rating. W.T. from 8½ gns. B.B. from 21/-. Tel.: Sway 398.

MILFORD-ON-SEA. A small seaside resort with a sand and shingle beach and good cliff walks, on the edge of the New Forest. Recommended hotel:

Solent Court. 3 stars. 38 rooms. W.T. 10½ to 18½ gns. B.B. 25/- to 32/6. Tel.: 381.

NEW MILTON—close to Barton-on-Sea and Highcliffe-on-Sea. The place itself is of no attraction, but our hotel recommendation, *Chewton Glen House Hotel*, set back in its own grounds, is quite charming. 15 bedrooms. W.T. 9 to 14 gns. B.B. from 21/-. Tel.: Highcliffe 2741.

OWER—if there is a village, we have yet to find it! Ower is but the postal address of our recommendation:

The New Forest Motel (Vine Inn), which stands sentinel where the London/Bournemouth and Salisbury/Southampton roads intersect. A boon to motorists. 16 rooms. 32/6 per night, covering bathroom, bedroom, garage and Continental breakfast. Meals *à la carte*. Tel.: Ower 333.

STONEY CROSS—close to the Rufus Stone. (Bournemouth 20 miles.) Recommended hotel:

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BOURNEMOUTH. CHESTERWOOD HOTEL
Consideration for winter residents and holiday visitors alike is the keynote of this well-equipped hotel (40 bedrooms) on the level plateau of the East Cliff. Lift. Games Room. Television Lounge. W.T. 9 to 15 gns. Tel.: 28057.

BOURNEMOUTH. CLIFF END HOTEL
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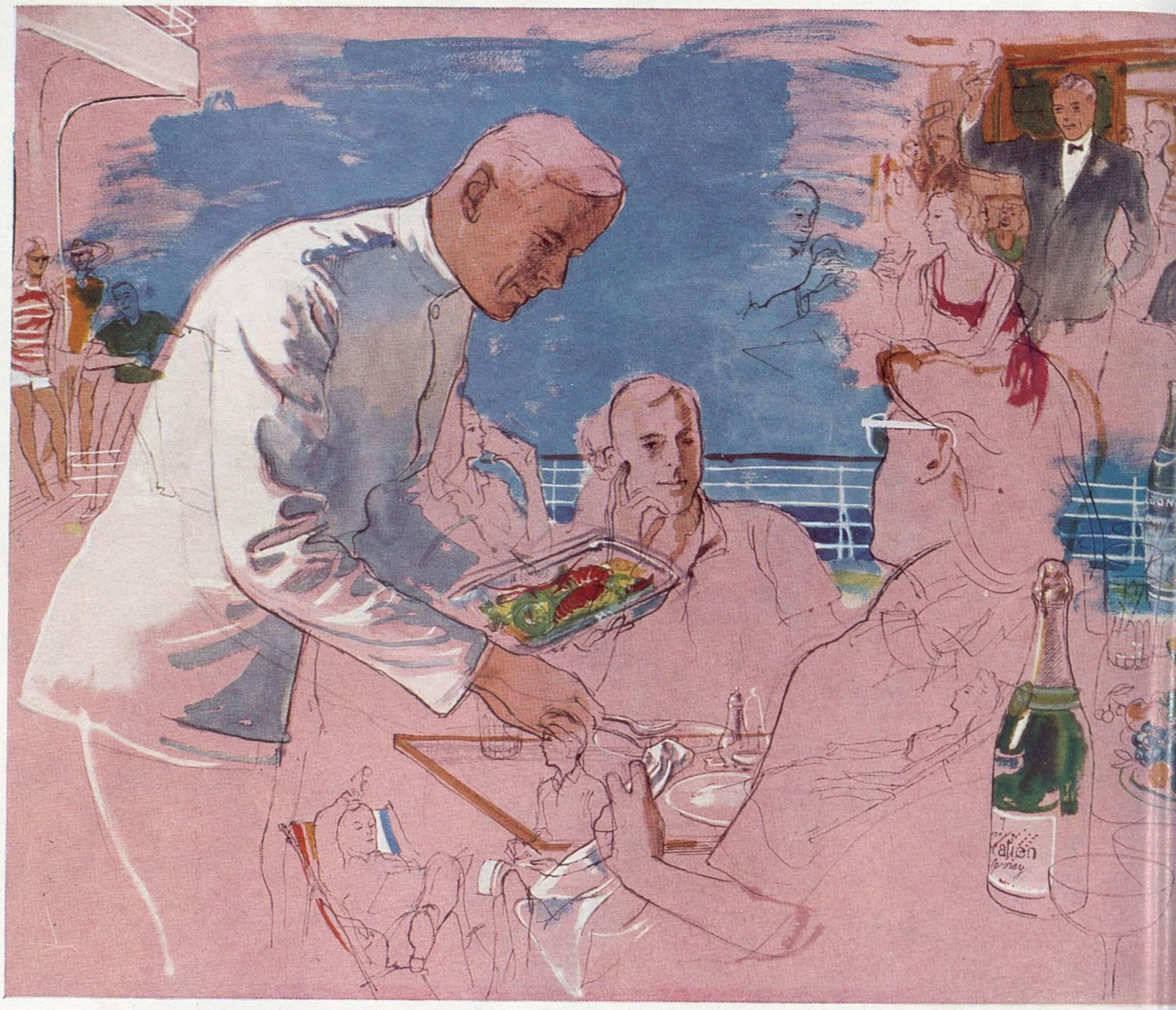

Drawing by JOHN WARD, A.R.A., on board a P & O ship

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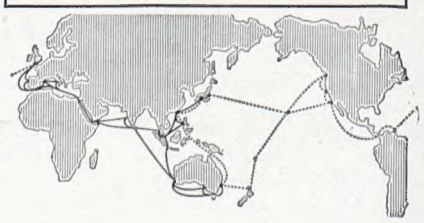

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